

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

June 1, 1950

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What Teen-Agers Think of Parents

ONE CANADIAN'S FIGHT WITH RUSSIA

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EDITORIALS

The Commonwealth Is Chasing Its Own Tail

PREMIER MALAN of South Africa said recently that Canada is dissatisfied with her position in the Commonwealth, particularly as it's described in the title of the King. He also repeated a hint that his own country will seek to become a republic.

Whether or not he's straight on the details Dr. Malan isn't too far off the mark in his summary of the Commonwealth's basic attitudes and tendencies. There's no use kidding ourselves; the British community of governments is losing both the spirit and the substance of a community. It is modifying and in some cases rejecting the symbols of its unity. It is discarding the working instruments of unity.

In so doing its members give a fair imitation of a dog chasing its own tail. They're pursuing the very thing they seem eager to escape.

Even the most disillusioned of the Commonwealth nations—and we don't deny that some of them have had excellent grounds for disillusionment—remain committed to the ideal of collective government in some form or other. With few exceptions even the non-Commonwealth states have recognized that the safety and success of any nation depend on its

ability to find like-minded partners in the joint pursuit of joint goals. This recognition of the facts of international life has been the dynamic behind the United Nations, Western Union, the Council of Europe, Benelux, Pan-American Union and various other efforts toward a workable world society.

The difference between the Commonwealth and these other political, economic and military collectives is that, no matter how disappointing and obdurate its failures have been, the Commonwealth has frequently worked. It was and is a whale of a lot better than nothing and a whole lot better than anything else in sight. It never lost a war. It never went so broke that it proved incapable of coming back. Slow though it was to move on the path of the humanities it did move forward.

We'd hate to think the Commonwealth represents or ever represented the end of the line in this befuddled globe's pilgrimage toward a truly global society. We'd also hate to think that, just because it hasn't taken us all the way, the original passengers are all going to bail out, dust themselves off, and start over again from scratch.

Sons of Anarchy

AS LONG as they confined their evangelism to taking their clothes off in public there might have been some excuse for treating the Doukhobor Sons of Freedom as a quaint and rather tragic group of people trying, according to their lights, to adjust the ways of man to the ordinances of God. Look into the history of any mass religious movement and you're pretty sure to find that among its leaders there were many who set themselves above convention and defied terrestrial law. Christ was often in trouble with the authorities and so, 2,000 years later, was Mahatma Gandhi.

For all this, we can see no connection between

religious freedom and the recent conduct of the Sons of Freedom. We know of no set of principles—either of divine or human origin—which makes it all right to burn down a neighbor's house, to dynamite the bridge over which he may soon be traveling, to destroy his property and threaten his life merely because his ideas about life and property happen to differ from yours.

For their beliefs the Sons of Freedom need answer to no one but themselves. For their acts they must answer to those their acts have damaged. Freedom from persecution does not include the freedom to persecute others.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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MADE IN CANADA

In the Editors' Confidence



TORONTO TELEGRAM
Tupper Bigelow, a man of many interests: law, bridge, writing — now horse racing.

MOST OF the by-lines you see on Maclean's articles are those of full-time freelance writers. Many are the names of well-known newspapermen and women. And others, like S. Tupper Bigelow whose Flashback, "The Vigilante Massacre," is on page 18, have no formal connection with what has been romantically described as "the writing game."

In this unprofessional category we've received good stories from such assorted writers as housewives, ex-convicts, civil servants, trappers, ranchers, professional and casual soldiers, sailors and airmen and deep-sea divers. While Bigelow is not the first magistrate to write for this magazine he is the first Ontario Racing Commissioner to contribute to our pages.

Not long ago he left the bench at Toronto's City Hall to preside over the new horse racing commission. Before that he practiced law in Regina, Edmonton, Windsor and Toronto with a 3½-year hitch in the legal branch of the RCAF during World War II.

● The last time Mary Lou Dilworth appeared in this magazine she was the subject of an article. We wrote about her column for the teen-age readers of Canadian High News in the issue of Dec. 1, 1947, under the title of "Dear Mary

Lou—." She's back again as a writer, giving the lowdown on grownups in "Why Don't Adults Grow up?" on page 17.

When we asked her about herself she wrote: "I was born in Toronto 21 years ago and have lived there all my life."

"While attending Oakwood Collegiate I became a part-time school reporter for Canadian High News, started writing 'Cupid Counsel' to answer high-school heart problems, and later joined the permanent staff of CHN as feature writer. That job led to becoming national editor and, a year ago, to managing editor."

"If anyone was interested in my philosophy I think I'd head for the nearest juke box and put a nickel in for 'Enjoy Yourself—It's Later Than You Think.'



Mary Lou counseled teen-agers on heart-aches. Now she tells off their parents.

Far too many people complain about not having time to do a lot of things they've been dreaming about. But I believe if you want to 'do things,' you've got to make time for them.

"The week I finished this article for Maclean's I became engaged to the most wonderful guy in the world."

We wondered who was "the most wonderful guy in the world." He turned out to be Roy Hewetson, a commercial artist.



OSCAR CAHEN got the idea for this cover in two stages. Part of the idea came from another cover painted for a Stockholm magazine 15 years ago. Cahen admits to this larceny without hesitation since he painted the picture for the Swedish publication. "The rest of the idea," he says, "came from a scene I saw. Only the boy and girl were about 20 and instead of carrying a wedding train they were carrying groceries." That's how the artistic mind works—a scene in a supermarket suggests a wedding. We don't understand it but there it is.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Nudists Get Into Politics

BY THE MAN
WITH A NOTEBOOK



A GAIN the Doukhobor question has cropped up in Parliament—providing an excuse for recalling one of the wittiest remarks Mackenzie King ever made.

It happened in 1928 when all three major parties were led by bachelors. King was Prime Minister, R. B. Bennett was Leader of the Opposition, and the late Robert Gardiner was leader of the Progressive Party. One afternoon in June the late Billy Esling was orating about the Doukhobor menace, which he thought the House was treating with unseemly levity. It was a serious matter, he said.

"I ask the Prime Minister just what he would do," said Esling, "if he stepped into his garden in the morning and found there six naked Doukhobor women?"

King answered without hesitation: "I'd send for my hon. friends the Leader of the Opposition and the leader of the Progressive Party."

O NCE AGAIN British Columbia would like Ottawa to take the Doukhobors seriously. Nobody is cracking jokes about it this time, but federal co-operation will stop a long way short of the "joint responsibility" B. C. would prefer to establish.

Gordon Wismer, B. C. Attorney-General, got full assurance here last month that Ottawa would do its duty. If extra penitentiary space is needed Ottawa will find it. If Doukhobor prisoners have to be segregated and

given special treatment Ottawa will do that too. But Ottawa will not let anything obscure the fact that the Doukhobor problem is British Columbia's baby.

Nobody was rude enough to say so to Wismer's face, but Ottawa thinks the current Doukhobor mess is partly the B. C. authorities' own fault. If B. C. had enforced the law from the start, says Ottawa, the current state of near-insurrection would never have arisen.

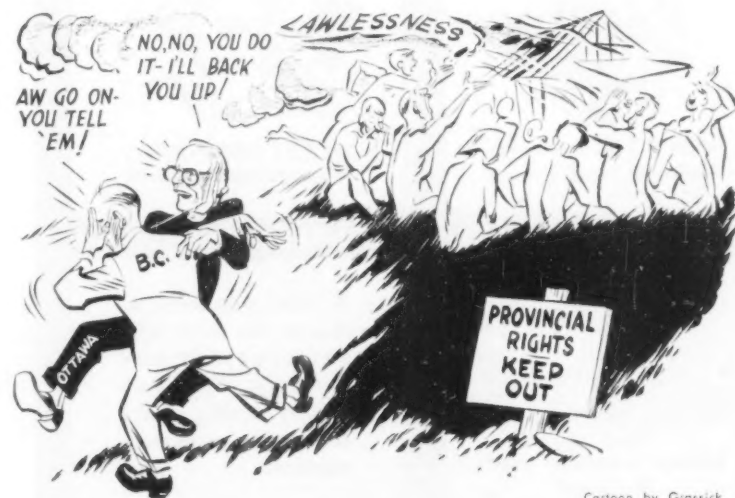
Admittedly it's hard to deal with a whole community of fanatical law-breakers, but this so-called "community" is smaller than it seems. The trouble-makers number only 2,000, a little cult of extremists who got started in Saskatchewan about 1902. They developed the habit of burning down homes of other Doukhobors to cure them of "materialism," burning horse-drawn reapers and binders to prevent "enslavement of our brothers the animals," and parading around naked as a protest against things in general.

The Sons of Freedom left Saskatchewan because the RCMP enforced the law. People who burned homes and schools were regularly jailed for arson. Nudity was also punished, sometimes in unorthodox ways.

There was, for example, a nude parade in Yorkton once. The local Mountie simply let them occupy a house, then nailed open the screen door and hung a lantern inside. After swatting mosquitoes for a couple of hours the Sons of Freedom put their clothes back on and went home.

In B. C. until lately they have been getting away with a good deal. They've squatted on crown lands without title,

Continued on page 57



Cartoon by Grassick

Ottawa thinks the Doukhobor mess is partly B. C.'s own fault.



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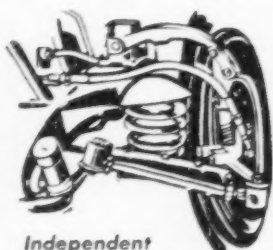
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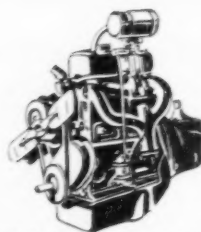
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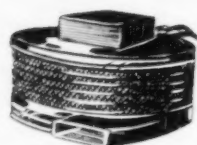


Roomy interior and luggage compartment

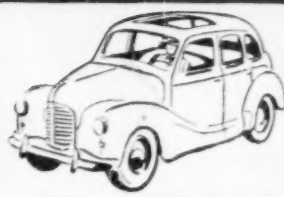
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When Van Sickle ducked out of Austria in 1939 Elsie Krasa, his secretary, stayed behind to guard his oil interests. Now she's a director.

The Hammer and Van Sickle

The Russians in Austria grabbed off Keith Van Sickle's oil wells and sat tight.
But this chunky Canadian pitted an iron will against the Iron Curtain
and the Red commissars are still doing business with the boy from Petrolia, Ont.

By JOSEF ISRAELS II

IN THEIR rough-and-tumble drive to swallow everything of value in Eastern Europe the Russians have found no business competitor more indigestible than a beefy 50-year-old Canadian named Richard Keith Van Sickle. Despite the fact that he's competing on the Soviets' home grounds and has little except his own iron will to pit against the toughness of the Iron Curtain, Van Sickle, an oilman, a former lieutenant-colonel in the British Army, and an unregenerate capitalist, simply and stubbornly refuses to be swallowed.

As one of the discoverers and developers of Austria's Zistersdorf oil fields Van Sickle has, single-handed and minus any effective support from the Western powers, battled the Soviets to an economic standstill in their own front yard. The Van

Sickle oil wells are deep in the Soviet occupied zone of Austria where legally or illegally the Russians have seized and exploited for their own the former "German property" which they claim as their due under the Potsdam Agreement.

Diplomats, military men and most of all the other businessmen who have found you can't do business with Uncle Joe are aghast at and envious of Van Sickle's success. Almost alone among Western property owners who saw their assets grabbed first by the Nazis and then by the Communists, Van Sickle has banged the table, shouted for his rights at the top of his lungs and by hook, crook and sheer force of will power obtained not only formal Soviet recognition of his capitalistic claims but actual hard-cash payment for the oil (at present 160 tons of it every day) pumped from his property.

True, these victories have limitations. Van Sickle has to accept a Russian stipulated price far

below the world level for the exceptionally greasy crude from his wells. He cannot offer his oil where and when he would wish. Without Russian co-operation he cannot remove it from within the Red zone.

But, in this part of the world, for a Western businessman to claim, and get, an income of \$300 a day out of the Russians is a source of wonder. Most property owners trying to regain control of investments swallowed up in the "people's democratization" process have wound up at best in a sea of paper and contention, with compensation merely owing if admitted at all.

The indomitable Keith Van Sickle, though born in Romania, unites two Canadian families inseparable from the world history of petroleum. Both his parents—his mother was a Keith, of Lambton County, Ont.—were raised and nurtured on oil. The Keiths and the Van

Continued on page 39



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By ROBERT ZACKS

John Banberry, Barrister
320 Bay Street
Toronto.

John Banberry how *could* you say such awful things to Richard? He is a good boy and that automobile accident could have happened to anybody. After all, no one was hurt.

Where is he? I am frantic with worry. Send him home immediately or you will no longer represent this family as attorney.

Very truly,
Mrs. Ellen Farnsworth.

24 Nov., 1949

Mrs. Farnsworth
Springdale Garden Acres
Erinmore, Ont.

Dear Ellen,

I haven't got your precious Richard. I don't know where he is. When I got him off with just a

fine I told him off in language I am somewhat proud of and I am happy to seize this opportunity to extend the same courtesy to you.

That "good boy" of yours, my dear Ellen, is a bum. The credit for this disaster is wholly yours. I have done my bitter best to keep my promise to your dead husband, Larry, to forestall the character decay made inevitable by your sticky overpossessiveness, but I have failed. Richard is buried to his neck in a swamp of gooey affection (yours) and his self-reliance has never developed to normal manhood. At night your dead husband's ghost haunts me until I cannot sleep and last night was the payoff.

Shall I select one or two of his escapades to prove my point? As I remember he was—

1. Kicked out of the University of Toronto. Reason: Stealing the Dean's shoes in the dark of a movie, when the Dean took them off to rest his aching bunions.

2. Kicked out of McGill. Reason: Impersonating a turbaned Prince of India and gaining entrance to a party thrown by the Dean, there creating an uproar by attempting to purchase additions to the royal harem.

3. Kicked out of Agricultural College. Reason: Sneaking a newborn colt from the stable he was assigned to, before reporting the birth, and substi-

tuting a baby zebra, thus creating a furore in horse-breeding circles until alert newspaper reporters checked with the local zoo and exploded the story.

I don't know where Richard is, and I don't care. After this automobile smashup I'm finished and I told him so. I wasn't gentle about it.

No doubt he will come back to Momma and weep on her shoulder. So don't worry about him. He couldn't get away from you if he tried.

Sincerely,
John Banberry.

25 Nov., 1949.

John Banberry, Barrister
320 Bay Street
Toronto.

Dear Mr. Banberry,

Mrs. Farnsworth has asked me to forward to you the enclosed letter just received from her son Richard and ask you to take appropriate measures to protect him.

She cannot write you herself because she has been in hysterics for a number of hours, uttering violent denunciations of your character. She is under a doctor's care. He has been feeding her sleeping tablets, for which all the servants are grateful since the last two hours have been rather chaotic.

Continued on page 45

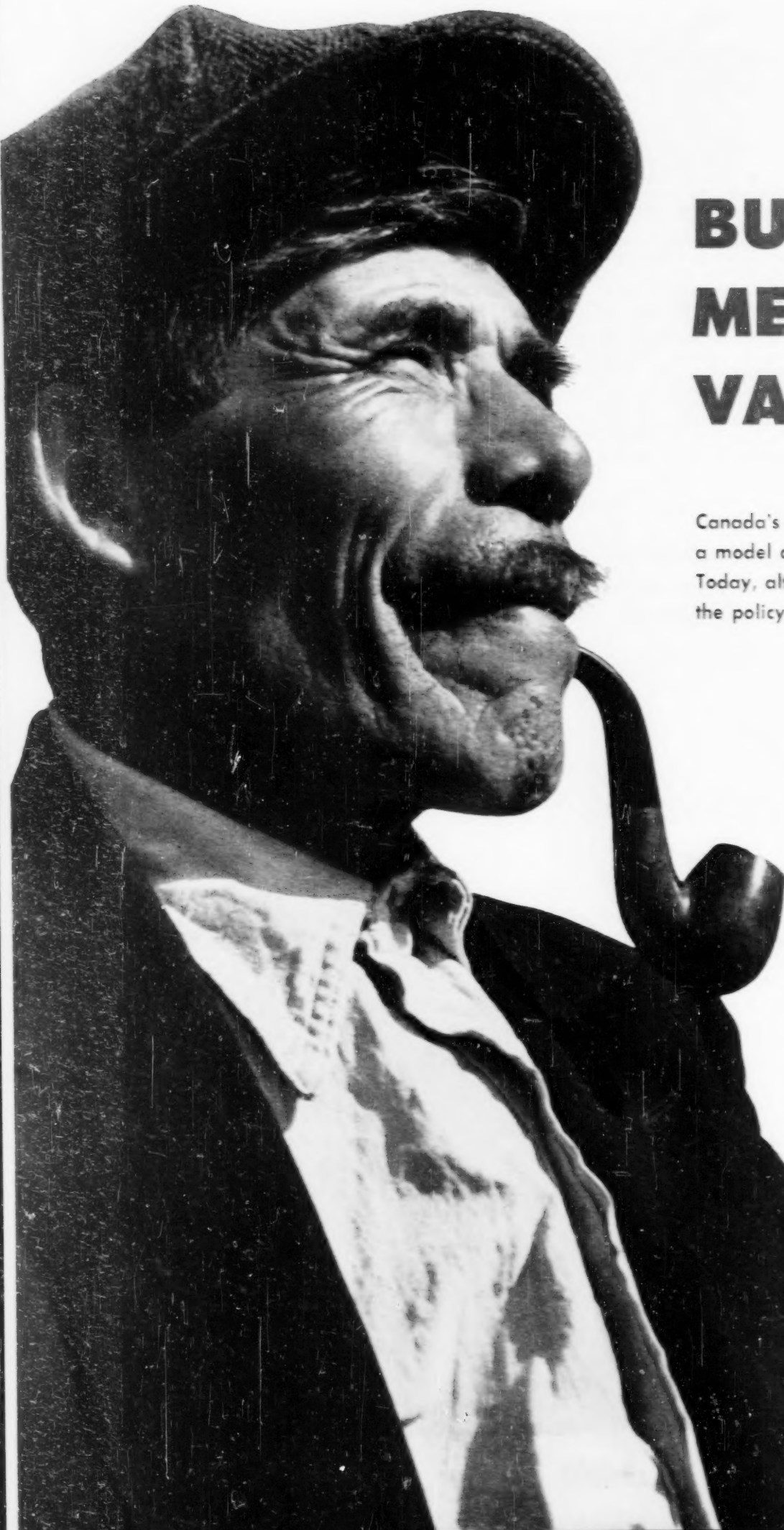
Report — Code Z-2 — Followed assigned subject, Richard Farnsworth. Took girl to lunch. Girl said money fine if earned by work and sweat. Scornful of rich young men who never lifted a finger. Wealthy subject upset — thinking of his dough. Saw him kiss girl between soup and chicken salad. Signed — Operative Paul Blake

The Girl with the Gingham Heart

Found subject running elevator 10.
Looked like general without army.

ILLUSTRATED BY
AILEEN RICHARDSON





BUT THE RED MEN DIDN'T VANISH!

Canada's attitude toward its Indians used to be a model of simplicity: "Let them die!" Today, although some of its evils persist, the policy of cruelty and neglect is on the mend

By **BLAIR FRASER**

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

FOR the first 70 years of Confederation Canadian policy toward the Canadian Indian was simple: "Wait for him to die out."

Nominally he's a ward of the Crown, and we do treat him from birth to death as a minor whose affairs we whites must supervise. But we treated him more like an illegitimate stepchild.

We gave him land to live on—5½ million acres in 2,210 reserves. Some are ample tracts of farmland (especially those of powerful war bands like the Blackfeet and the Bloods, who made their treaties tomahawk in hand). Others are little patches of rock, marsh and shrub, or slum areas on the edge of towns.

We promised him the right to hunt and fish as of old—a promise consistently broken all over Canada.

We undertook to provide schools to teach him white man's ways. Of 31,000 Indian children of school age today more than one quarter have no schooling at all and only about 400 are in high school.

To the 65,000 Indians covered by formal treaty

CHIEF JOSEPH ABEL, of Yellowknife, has seen many governments fumble with his future, churches scramble for his soul.

we promised cash, and this is one promise scrupulously kept. Treaty payments are made annually — \$4 or \$5 to each man, woman and child, up to \$25 for chiefs.

The other commitments didn't seem important. Pledge or no pledge it seemed wasteful to educate a man so nearly extinct. The State left that largely to missionaries, with a handout to cover part of the cost. Medical care was even less desirable; besides, it hadn't been specifically promised. Canada spent less than \$1 million a year on Indian health services before the war, and much of that went to political hacks like the "part-time doctor" on an Alberta reserve whose contract stipulated at least a visit a month. He'd leave Calgary at midnight on the 31st, return on the 1st, and make that trip do for two months. Nobody minded. The Indian was dying out.

The Indians fooled us. In spite of recurrent epidemics, a TB rate 15 to 40 times the white rate, the death of one baby out of every five born — the Indian about 30 years ago stopped decreasing. From a low of about 100,000 after the flu epidemic of 1919 they have grown to 133,000 and are adding 3,000 each year. The policy of waiting for them to die has had to be abandoned.

It isn't true, as some Indians think, that the white man's reaction was to try to restore the trend toward extermination. A lot has been done for Indian welfare in the last few years. We're spending six times as much over all, and 10 times as much on Indian health, as we spent before the war. Five hospitals 18 nursing stations, 150 schools and 3,300 new homes have been added since 1946 — not enough, perhaps, but a fair showing for four years. The TB death rate is still 11 times the white rate, but at least it's 42% lower than it was in 1938. For three years a parliamentary committee sat to study Indian affairs, and this year the Indian Act — virtually unchanged since 1876 — has been rewritten and a new Act laid before Parliament.

It is true, though, that in 1931, as an economy measure, the Government ordered no more Indian TB cases admitted to hospital.

It's true that Indian treaty rights are still being violated. All treaties guaranteed him the right to hunt and fish freely. But the pledge was federal; game laws are provincial and the Indian is told he must obey them.

Last year Alberta wrote a new set of fishing regulations and sent them to Ottawa for approval. Without consulting the Indian Affairs Branch, Cabinet endorsed the new rules by order-in-council. Alberta Indians who live mainly on fish were suddenly told they could fish only one day a week. How do you catch a week's food in one day?

For 23 years Ottawa has accepted the idea that indigent persons of 70 and over deserve a pension, of which the federal

Continued on page 52



HUNTING RIGHTS are guaranteed by Ottawa, denied by some provinces. Pelts mean cash to these Crees.



TREATY MONEY is still paid ceremoniously and the elders also get a monthly ration of staple foods.



MANITOULIN ISLAND SCHOOL is fine, but several thousand Indian children get no schooling at all.



Her marriage had lost its meaning in the rush and loneliness of her very modern life. Then she found that contentment was a state of grace bestowed on two in love who had

AN ISLAND TO SHARE

By SARAH LITSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON

ROOM 338," the floor nurse said. "If you'll wait I'll have someone take you."

Isabel Carriker didn't wait. "Thank you, I don't need anyone." And she went alone down the corridor—rooms 334, 336—doors closed. The antiseptic odor of cleanliness was something almost solid. Far off the elevator clattered open, clanged shut. The door of room 338 was partly open. Isabel Carriker went in.

It was a small room painted grey, and a screen sat like an afterthought in the centre. Isabel looked at the screen. Beyond it a nurse stood with her back turned. She didn't look around.

Isabel said, "I'm Mrs. Carriker. They told me at the desk this was my room."

"Carriker?" The nurse was rigging up something on a rod and she didn't stop. "That's right; that's your bed."

Isabel flushed. She was small and dark with the light-boned slenderness of a girl but her face showed older. It was very tanned which made her green-blue eyes remarkably attractive. At the moment they were cold. Still holding her bag she went over to the nurse.

"There's been some mistake. I told Dr. Wane I wanted a private room."

"This is all Dr. Wane could get." The nurse fastened a bottle of something upside down on the rod. "There now, we'll have you fixed up in a minute, Mrs. Vavrek."

Isabel just caught sight of an old grey face on a pillow, the cheekbones shaped like mountains. She turned, put down her bag and made quite a point of adjusting the screen so that she wouldn't see the face again. This arrangement contrived to shut out all the light of the lovely sunny summer afternoon. She undressed, her heart thumping with anger. If Jonathan Wane found this sort of thing amusing, she didn't. It was one thing for him to say she was neurotic; this was

taking unfair advantage. "Dr. Wane will be in later," the floor nurse said. Fine, let him come. She lay down in the queer high bed and the pain came and bruised across her body and went away, leaving its residue of thought concerning Dr. Wane.

"Is that comfortable, Mrs. Vavrek?"

Isabel found herself listening for an answer. None came; only light labored breath which was something to be shut up with; and that rod with its unpleasant bottle sticking above the screen. She ignored it; looked at the ceiling.

The nurse said, "I can adjust the flow if that's too fast."

"It's all right." The voice was as grey as the face. Isabel shut her eyes but that didn't keep out the voice. "A quart of blood costs fifty dollars, doesn't it?"

"That's right, Mrs. Vavrek."

"My son gave this, my youngest; Ernie that is."

"You're lucky. Okay, Mrs. Vavrek, you're all set for an hour."

The nurse went out.

Isabel thought, am I invisible? Prone on that flat bed, she felt as if she'd thrown herself away on a raft; and the pain came back with its aimless wandering through her.

"But where does it hurt?"

"I tell you, I don't know."

"Isabel, you're neurotic," Jonathan Wane had said.

She opened her eyes and watched the contents of the bottle by the next bed creep down the sides. For some reason she thought of Derrick, his tacit, five-year-old face, his current slang. Nanny dragging him by the fist . . .

"Come say good-by to Mommy."

"Why?"

"She's going away to the hospital."

"So what?"

"Derrick!"

"Oh, let him alone, Nanny, what difference does it make? And if Mr. Carriker phones, tell him he can pick up my car at the hospital if he wants it."

"Not tell him you're taken sick, Mrs. Carriker?"

"I've been sick for weeks. It doesn't matter to him." She took up the small blond bag and saw

instantly that Derrick's eyes were mutely hostile.

The bottle was half gone. There was something very strange about this procedure. To watch it made her feel hollow in the middle and yet she couldn't stop. It was backward, that's what was wrong; a son giving back life . . .

Dr. Jonathan Wane came in. He passed her; he went behind the screen. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Vavrek."

Mrs. Vavrek was certainly getting all the breaks. It was nice to be Mrs. Vavrek. Isabel watched the doctor's blunt bronzed hand making some slight adjustment on the bottle.

"How goes it, Isabel?"

"I thought you knew I wanted a private room."

"This was what they had; I mean how do you feel?"

"The same." The pale tweed of the doctor's coat set off his summer tan. Isabel briefed it with a practiced eye. "The fashion plate of the medical profession . . . very nice."

He came beside the bed, without comment removed the diamond watch and took her pulse.

"How's Robert?"

"Robert's always well," she said.

"And Derrick?"

"A brat, but all right."

"He's your child, Isabel."

Her thin, sensitive lips were redder than they should have been; they smiled with a touch of caution. "On the whole, you aren't being very kind to me, Jon."

"A doctor who's worth his salt puts cure ahead of kindness."

She looked at the high, narrow brow, the grey eyes, remembering in each detail the first time she had seen them, in the hall of her own home five months ago.

IT WAS a cool April day and she came down the stairs and saw the front door open. A tall man was going out with Derrick in his arms, done up in blankets. She stopped on the third stair from the bottom.

"Where are you taking my son?"

He turned and faced her. *Continued on page 24*

"It's a shame, but you'll have to put on a hospital gown."



EX-PADRE CURREY guides his flock to grace with his deep faith that stood test of war and personal tragedy. He gets an assist from science.

COUNTRY MINISTER

As the United Church celebrates its 25th year modern young ministers like Elridge Currey put heart and soul into the great tasks that remain

By JUNE CALLWOOD

LIKE most of the United Church of Canada's 3,187 ministers the Rev. Elridge Argyle Currey, of Victoria Square, Ont., has a turned-around collar, a steady deep faith and the income of a well-tipped deliveryboy. Unlike most, however, he possesses a talkie movie projector, a projector for slides and strip film, a tape recorder and a book titled, "10,000 Jokes, Toasts and Stories." He also has a good intellect and the sunny disposition of a well-fed infant. These aids and abilities combine to make him a minister greatly admired by the young and old of his three-pulpit parish.

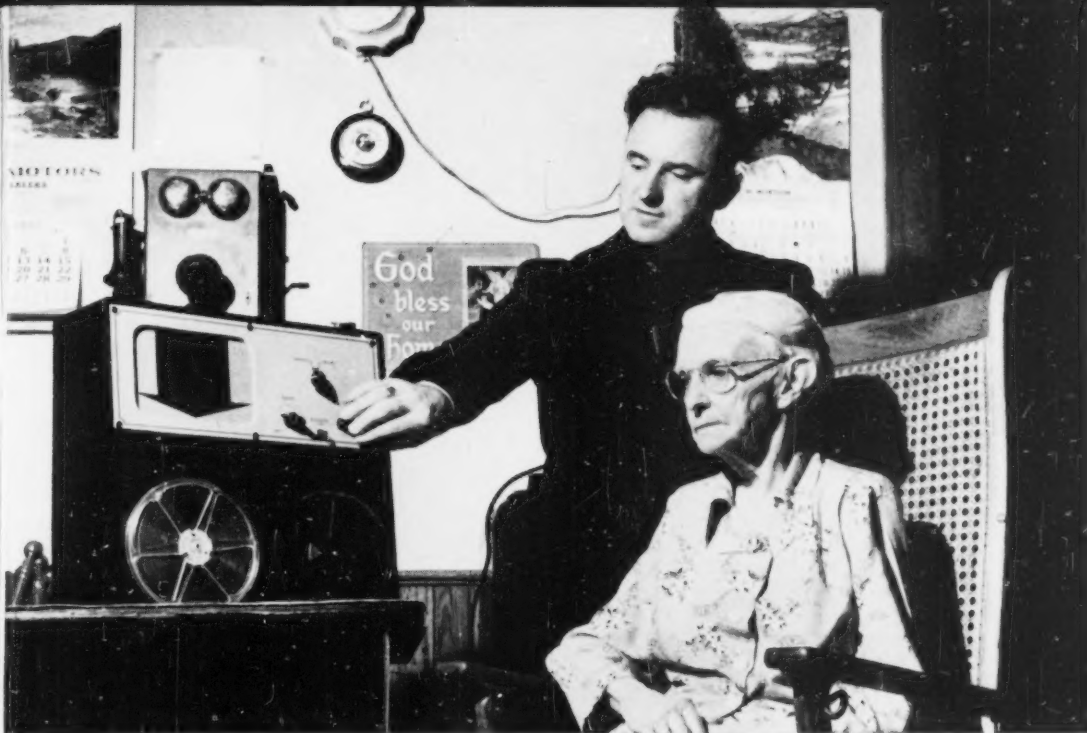
His congregation is rural and mostly stiffly conservative but Currey has won their approval of the most modern aids to worship. At an evening service he once featured colored slides of the Calgary Stampede. "If standing on my head would help them understand God any better," he says, "I'd do it. And don't think I can't stand on my head."

Progressive, idealistic young ministers like Elridge Currey are the greatest asset of the United Church, Canada's largest Protestant denomination, which this month celebrates its 25th anniversary. It was on June 10, 1925, that all the Methodists, most of the Congregationalists and about two thirds of the Presbyterians in Canada came into one fold. In the ever-expanding work of the church

it is the willing horses like handsome ex-padre Currey who bear the brunt with a smile.

The United Church is noted for its tolerant attitude toward its ministers and while it is probable that some of the older ministers hold Currey's brashness in some alarm, he has never been chided. The Moderator (Rt. Rev. Willard Brewing, of Toronto) is a strong temperance man," says Currey with pride, "but I don't think it would alter his attitude toward me if he thought I took a drink. Our church has all types of men; we had to be a tolerant church to unite three different faiths."

Since its birth the United Church has been something less than retiring in public affairs. Best known for its pugnacious attitude toward liquor it



PORTABLE RECORDER is great boon to old folks who can't get to church. Currey often records chit-chat between shut-ins. He also uses movies, once wowed worshippers with slides of the Stampede.



ACCORDION, autoharp, harmonica come easily to Currey who records Bible stories for youngsters.

has also swung its weight toward labor arbitration boards and unemployment insurance. It offers pulpits to some far-left pastors but could scarcely be called the working man's church. Indeed C. H. Millard, a vice-president of the Canadian Congress of Labor, said recently at a United Church meeting on church-labor relations: "Labor is not convinced the church is overly concerned with practical material problems."

Groups within the church fought a bitter public battle against the introduction of Sunday sports in Toronto and Windsor, Ont., and other groups are tirelessly prodding away for increased old-age pensions and a broader health program.

Elridge Currey feels, unlike many of his church, that liquor will never be defeated by legislation and that the combatants in the recent Sunday sports vote were too extreme to achieve their aim. He doesn't drink, as some United Church ministers do, but neither does he feel outraged when drinks are poured in his presence. He is a vigorous advocate of a better standard of living throughout the world, but is also aware that all government-sponsored benefits are made possible by taxpayers and hence can reach a point of diminishing returns.

A stocky agile man—a former gymnast—Currey at 41 has some grey in his dark curly hair. He has a quick warm smile and bird-bright eyes. Normally friendly and jovial anyway, he is never gayer than when he stands to the left of the church doors shaking hands with his congregation as they shuffle out after the Sunday service.

"What a hat!" he exclaims to a large woman crowned with veiling and flowers. "You'll be taking the congregation's mind off my sermon."

"You're new here," he says warmly to the next man. "Hope you'll come back again. We're not such a bad bunch. The sermon is sometimes a little dull, but you can get used to that."

To a man who complained that his favorite hymn was cut short Currey replied that they would sing all the verses next time. "The girls have their roasts in the oven, you know. They'd never forgive me if they burned."

Currey's wife—his second—a small, quiet woman with a radiant smile, stands on the other side of the doors and says a soft "Good morning" to everyone. Occasionally she catches her husband's eye and they beam fondly at one another.

Currey hasn't just one congregation. He has three, in three separate churches and each with an individual personality. The United Church at present has 2,711 pastoral charges but they represent 6,494 "preaching

AT CHURCH DOOR sunny-tempered Currey is at his best. He ribs women about their hats, jibes at the latecomers. His wife (far left) says a soft "Good morning." His seven-day week pays \$2,200 a year.



GREEN LIGHT FOR THE CRAZY QUILT EXPRESS

By RAY GARDNER

THE WONDER of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway is that it did not end it all long ago by taking a header into the Fraser River, a sheer 2,000 feet below its mountainous right-of-way in British Columbia's sprawling Cariboo country. Debt, derision and defeat have lurked beyond every curve and hard luck has high-balled down its puny rails for more than 30 years. Less hardy railroads long since would have shuffled off to that Valhalla where all signals blaze green and operating deficits are unknown.

All its unhappy life the PGE has been scoffed at as the railway that begins nowhere and ends nowhere. This has been the source of all its troubles. But now at last it looks like paying off. It's going to get a southern outlet via a new highway or a rail extension to Vancouver and in the north it's going to push on to Prince George and a linkup with the Canadian National. The B. C. Coalition Government is going to sink \$13 millions—or maybe more—into the already debt-ridden, provincially owned PGE in a brave attempt to make a railway out of it.

But though she has been scoffed at and scorned the Pacific Great Eastern has been loved more passionately than perhaps any other railroad on the continent. U. S. tourists, and especially those from the somewhat zany state of California, are wild about her and railway fans journey from all over the U. S. merely to admire her archaic rolling stock and to enjoy her charming idiosyncrasies.

This passion for the PGE is understandable for it is undoubtedly the friendliest and quaintest railroad anyone could care to meet. Furthermore, it twists and spirals through some of the most spectacular scenery on the planet. The first

surveyors over the route enthusiastically dubbed it the Wonder Way.

While wealthy American systems lure travelers over their lines with streamlined vista-dome coaches and television in the club car the PGE is virtually the only railroad in North America that does a roaring tourist business because most of its coaches are relics of bygone eras.

Originally, the Pacific Great Eastern was supposed to thrust 468 miles northward from Vancouver to Prince George to tap the transcontinental Grand Trunk Pacific—now the Canadian National—as it cut across the top half of British Columbia on its way to Prince Rupert. But it never reached either Vancouver or Prince George. Instead, its 348 miles of twisting single track link the tiny settlements of Squamish and Quesnel. Squamish is on fiordlike Howe Sound, 40 miles north of Vancouver, and Quesnel is in the storied Cariboo, 80 miles south of Prince George.

All Aboard for Moscow!

NOW B. C. Premier Byron Johnson has promised that the PGE won't end at Prince George but will eventually go on another 400 miles into the rich Peace River country. One day it might push on even farther through the Rocky Mountain Trench to Fairbanks, Alaska, to become 1,700 miles of strategic railway and one of the continent's great transportation systems. In Washington, Republicans and Democrats are pressing President Truman to build a railroad to Alaska, incorporating the PGE as a vital link.

Most British Columbians will be happy to see the

PGE get as far as Prince George, but editorial writers on the Vancouver Sun are dreaming about the day when an elongated version of the PGE will take a deep breath, burrow under the Bering Strait, come up in Siberia and join up with a direct line to Moscow. "This," says The Sun, "is not so fantastic as you might first imagine."

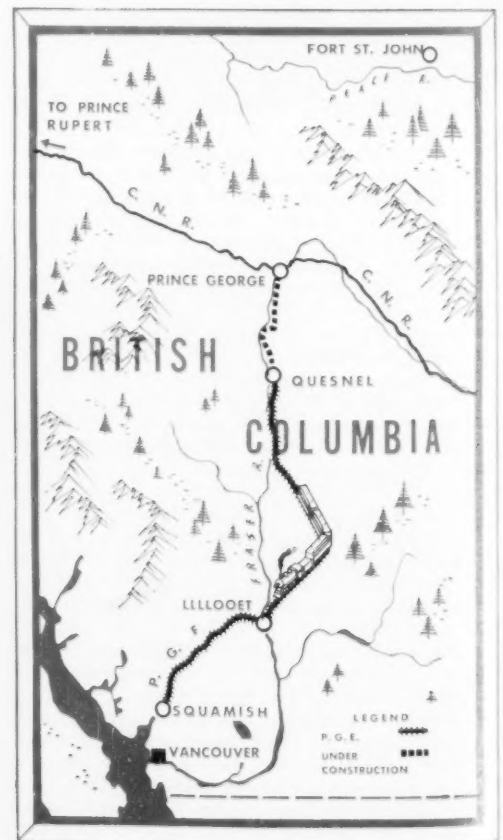
Everything has happened to the PGE. Its name has been dragged through political scandal and its funds were used to win at least one election. Even the grandiose moniker its hopeful builders bestowed on their baby has bedeviled it. When the PGE became an orphan in 1918 and the British Columbia Government was tricked into making wards of both it and its monumental debt, unhappy taxpayers became convinced that its initials stood for Province's Greatest Expense.

After a harrowing journey on the PGE, sometimes called the continent's most spectacular, loneliest and most rudimentary railroad, an embittered and unnerved parliamentarian remarked that the Pacific Great Eastern was certainly not eastern, it emphatically was not great and, from personal experience, he could vouch that in no sense was it pacific.

The Pacific Great Eastern's two complete



Tourists come from as far as Florida to ride the Wonder Way in the PGE's sawed-off observation cars.



Projected links south to Vancouver and north to Prince George should put line in the black.



Just out of Lillooet, deep in the Cariboo, the PGE crosses the foaming Fraser. Soon it's on a ledge 2,600 feet over the river. Whisky, Soda Creeks come next.

Pacific Great Eastern, the continent's quaintest and best-loved railway, chugs through magnificent scenery and a staggering debt toward a promising future

passenger trains, which maintain a thrice-weekly service on the day and night run between Squamish and Quesnel and a daily summer service between Squamish and Lillooet, are compounded of such museum-piece day coaches and sleepers, of assorted widths and heights, tourists know them as the Crazy Quilt Expresses. The stony-broke PGE has had to struggle along with cast-off rolling stock picked up at bargain prices from defunct American interurban lines and several major U. S. railroads.

The PGE sleepers Pavilion and Barkerville, named for the remote mining camp which at the height of the Cariboo gold rush became the largest city west of Toronto, are hand-me-downs from the Indiana Electric Railway which used to run between Louisville and Indianapolis. Today they swing and sway through mountain chasms, carrying trappers, loggers and cattlemen.

One rainy night last summer the Barkerville sprang a leak and the young woman in Upper Eight had to be rescued from the deluge. On richer railroads such incidents might lead to lawsuits but on the PGE they merely add to the uncertain charm of the journey.

Traveling on the same train was a railway enthusiast whose strange hobby is studying sleeping car berths and who had journeyed all the way from his Pennsylvania home to spend two nights bedded down in the Barkerville simply because its berths

are a full two inches narrower than those of a standard Pullman.

A California aircraft manufacturer, who in his spare time builds models of antiquated railroad equipment, made a 1,500-mile trip to ride on the PGE for the sole purpose of examining the railroad's open-air observation cars, which are actually ancient tourist day coaches with the top half sawed off.

Another admirer of rare rolling stock journeyed from Florida to gaze upon the PGE's high-domed day coaches, discards from the Lehigh Valley line of New York State. The seats of these period pieces are upholstered in green plush and from their ceilings hang oil lamps as finely curleaved and embossed as any that ever shone on the mustachios of the Victorian era.

Railroad fans were rendered almost heartbroken when, in a rare concession to progress, the PGE retired the sleeping cars Garibaldi and Superior, vintage of the McKinley era, and replaced them with two all-steel secondhand Pullmans. Last summer, Ernest Plant, president of the Pacific Great Eastern Boosters' Club, persuaded PGE

officials to haul the hoary Garibaldi, once a proud part of a crack train on the Ishpeming and Superior Railroad, out of retirement for one last journey to Quesnel. Fifty railway hobbyists from a dozen American states flocked north to say good-bye to the old-fashioned but faithful Garibaldi and to mutter imprecations at the Seton Lake and the Anderson Lake, the two new but blatantly modern sleepers.

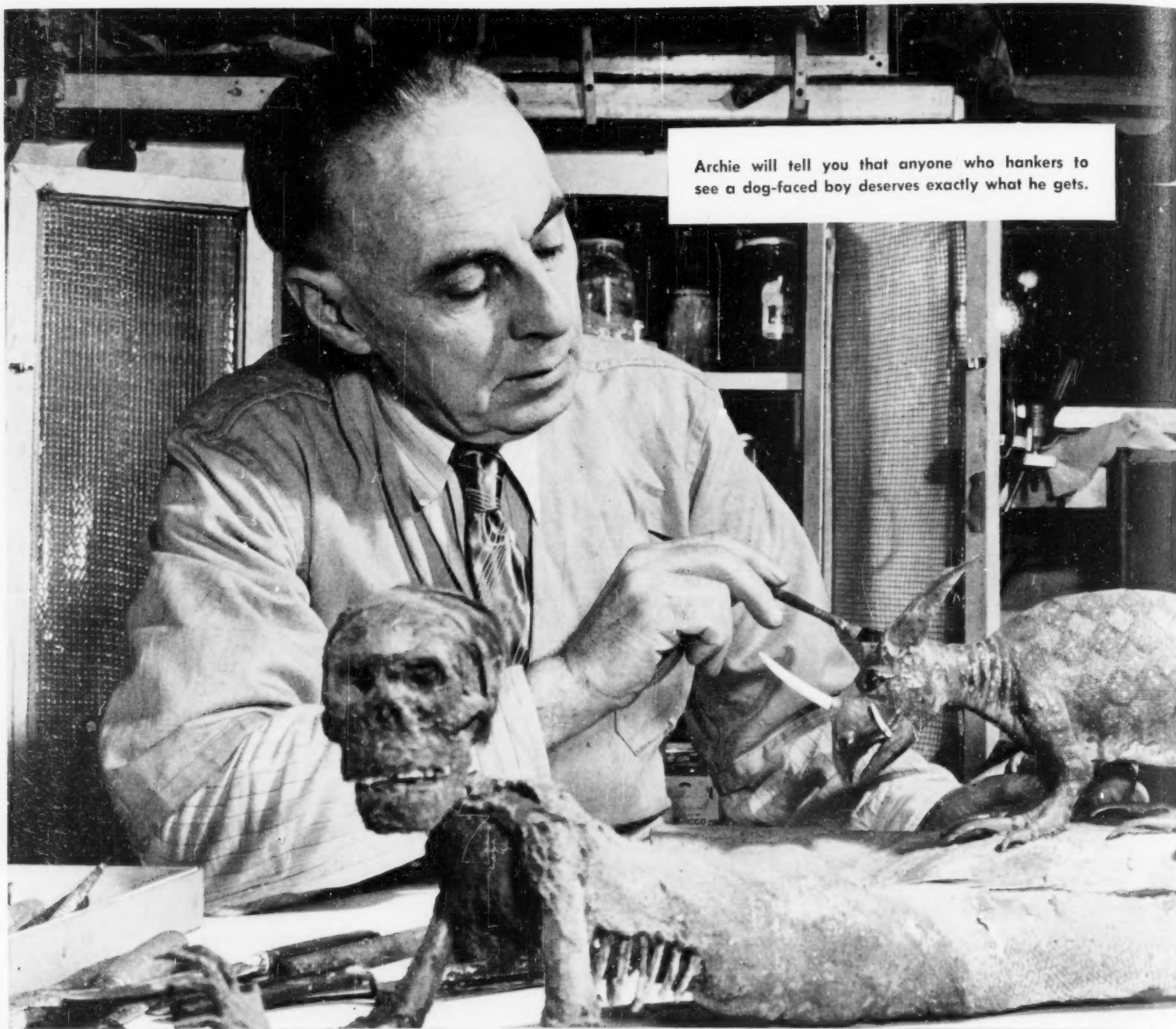
Enthusiasts such as Arthur Lloyd, president of the California-Nevada Railroad Historical Society, wince every time the PGE splurges on new rolling stock for it means the pensioning off of some inefficient but lovable relic. "As she stands now," says Lloyd, "the PGE is ideal, a railway fan's delight."

Then, leaning out over the swaying side of the observation car, he indicates two snazzy new orange and green Mikado diesel locomotives laboring efficiently and noiselessly at the head of the train. "Those diesels," he mutters. "They may save the line a lot of money, but they're about as glamorous as a bus." (Lloyd himself owns a bus line.)

Such sentimental weeping over the demise of the snorting steam engine is not shared by Andy Steel, the veteran engineer who sits at the simplified controls in the kitchen-clean cab of one of the diesels. "I don't want to see another steam engine as long as I live," he says.

The PGE's short, white- *Continued on page 39*

COLOR PHOTOS BY HARRY FILION



Mermaids Made to Measure

Do you need a wambeeziel? Or a whiffenpoof? Archie Johnston liked freaks so much that he started in making his own. A mummy will set you back about \$125

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ARCHIE EDWARD JOHNSTON is a banjo-eyed, sporty-looking ex-sideshow pitchman of 56 who makes fake mummies, mermaids, man-fish, two-headed giants, dog-faced boys, pig-headed girls, wambeeziels, whiffenpoofs and other biological accidents for carnivals, collectors, phony museums, curiosity shops and anyone who wants to gather a crowd.

The chances are that you have paid to see these fakes on the CNE midway or at any of several touring carnivals and have been fooled by them

along with the rest of the spectators. With 30 years of experience Johnston can turn out jobs that only experts can distinguish from genuine exhumed, embalmed and pickled freaks of nature.

Yet, for versatile Archie this is but a sideline. For five months of each year he works for the Canadian National Exhibition, where he is in charge of the bill room, a branch of the publicity department which looks after the distribution of advertising posters. Also he does rough carpentry, and contracts for general building repairs, working out of his house in Toronto's old Cabbage Town, where he lives with his 83-year-old mother.

The evening I talked to him a fossilized mermaid

lay cheek down on his desk like a tired zombie trying to do one more pushup. Mermaids have been wriggling through the pages of literature for hundreds of years, surfacing in stormy seas off remote coasts, getting caught in nets, giving out lamentations of distress, and nostalgically putting their ears to shells.

"I've done a lot of mermaids," Johnston says softly, blinking from beneath the green visor he sometimes wears. "People seem to go for them. Nice hips and long hair, but no sex."

Anyone who likes to think of a mermaid as something resembling Hedy Lamarr with fins would get a nasty shock *Continued on page 14*

Mary Lou Dilworth (21) Asks—

WHY DON'T ADULTS GROW UP?

LAST WEEK a pretty 17-year-old high-school girl dropped into my office at Canadian High News with a chip on her shoulder. When I asked what she planned to do when she left school I knocked the chip off.

"How am I supposed to figure that out?" she snapped. "I'm really worried about it, but a nice lot of help I get from my family or their friends. They seem to think I'm still an infant. As soon as I get serious and try to ask them anything they brush me off. So here I am—nowhere, with only a while before I'm through school."

If you want to remain in your safe little shell that's okay by me, but that 17-year-old has just brought up one more point that prompts me to ask, "Why don't you *adults* grow up?"

For the past 10 years or so you have shown a terrific upsurge of interest in teen-agers. You've written or read books about The Youth Problem Today, and How To Deal With the Adolescent; your newspapers and radio programs have screamed juvenile delinquency to the world—and you've eaten it up. In fact, when it comes to pointing out what's wrong with youth, everybody tries to get into the act.

Sure, there are quite a few things wrong with the younger generation—always were, always will be. But what about the older generation's attitude to the younger generation?

On the all too few occasions that you adults discuss anything of real importance with them you use only yourselves as the ideal examples of successful living. How they look, how they act, how they think, what they wear—even how they love—must all fall into your patterns, before they are "correct."

But take a good look at your own generation, adults. Yours is the generation of women who are frustrated and unhappy because your whole life centres around a soap opera and gossip existence. Yours is the generation of men who are constantly dissatisfied with your jobs and yet haven't the will power to take a chance on changing them. You are the people who buy the clothes labeled New Look and yet berate your children for their ridiculous fads. You are the people who know all about love and yet are responsible for Canada's divorce rate doubling from 20.8 to 44.9 per 100,000 population in the last 10 years.

Yet, adults, take a good look at your attitude toward this coming generation. Are you in any position to point an accusing finger at the faults of youth? Are you giving youth the leadership and guidance it really needs?

You may wonder what business of mine your attitude toward teen-agers is. Perhaps none. But teen-agers are my business. As the managing editor of Canadian High News—a weekly newspaper read by about 50,000 high-school students—I know them pretty well. And I think your state of mind toward them would undergo a few abrupt changes if you could hear their opinions on many things which concern you.

Teen-ager's questions, the doubts and opinions come into our offices on foot, by phone, and by mail.

Part of my job for the last four years has been handling a lovelorn column in the paper, but a great many of the letters I receive probe much deeper than mere passing affairs of the heart.

Take a look at a couple of these picked at random from the mail this week.

"... My mother won't let me go to our school formal with this boy because she saw him wearing a pair of brightly colored 'drapes'; she says anybody who wears them is nothing but a hoodlum. How can I convince her that he's really a nice boy whom everybody likes? ..."

"... I'm going to college in the fall and want to take engineering. I took an aptitude test at school and, if that's any indication, I'm supposed to be well suited for it, too. But Dad has always wanted me to study law and is insisting that, unless I do, I'll get no financial ... Continued on page 50

Drape pants aren't any more sinister than the New Look, and love's still a serious business at 17. Don't brush off your teen-ager's problems



From where today's teen-ager stands some habits of adults are strictly juvenile.



A boy needs guidance, not dictatorship. The "When I was your age" line is out.

CARTOONS BY JOHN RICHMOND



Many adults pass judgment on teen-age affairs with the armchair wisdom of 20 years ago.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

The Vigilante Massacre

The blackest crime ever committed in Canada was what they called it. And in 70 violent years there's been no match for what the masked marauders did to the troublesome Donnelly family

By S. TUPPER BIGELOW

JUST AFTER midnight on Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1880, about 20 men in disguise—some masked, some in women's clothing and some with blackened faces—gathered in the snow around the front door of James Donnelly's story-and-a-half log house in Biddulph Township, on the outskirts of a hamlet called Lucan, 18 miles northwest of London, Ont.

They were armed with shotguns, rifles, axes, shovels, spades and hatchets. The ringleader knocked at the door. Inside the farmhouse at the time were James Donnelly; his wife, Judith, 60; his son, Thomas, 21; his niece, Bridget, 25; and a hired boy, Johnny O'Connor, 11.

Thomas opened the door. He was told by the ringleader that he was under arrest and was at once handcuffed. Someone shouted, "Hit him on the head with a spade!" and one of the visitors immediately obliged, assisted by another who buried a pickaxe in Thomas' skull. A third beheaded him with the sharp edge of his shovel.

The men then pushed into the house, where James Donnelly was likewise told he was under arrest and handcuffed. The old man started to say something about a search warrant, but before he could finish he was bludgeoned to death. While one group killed James another dealt with his wife, who was murdered with shovels, spades and hatchets. Screaming bloody murder, Bridget tried to get upstairs, but she was quickly caught and, as a Press dispatch of the time reported, "she was

yanked back downstairs and had her brains bashed out."

The intruders missed young Johnny O'Connor completely. He had been sleeping with the old man in the front bedroom downstairs and, at the first sound of trouble, slid out of bed and hid himself under it behind a clothesbasket, from which point he was able to see the gory proceedings. Half-mad with terror, the youngster cowered in his hiding place, not daring to move.

"Pour the oil on the beds!" he heard someone order; and another, "Throw Tom's body and his head back in the house!"

Young Johnny heard a big thud, and then a series of lesser ones.

The crackling of fire and the smell of smoke became apparent to the horror-stricken lad, but he



With blackened faces they crept through the snow to that Lucan farmhouse. For their midnight call they carried guns, axes, spades and hatchets.

lay there motionless until the heat made one form of self-preservation more attractive than another. He broke a window with his elbow and, tearing the shards of glass loose from their frame, he scuttled out of the deathtrap with only his pants on and ran blindly through the snow in bare feet to the farmhouse of the nearest neighbor, Patrick Whalen.

Speechless at first from cold and fright Johnny was finally able to say faintly, "They have murdered the Donnellys!"

Whalen and his sons dressed quickly but, by the time they reached the burning cabin, it was impossible to do anything. The snow around the cabin had been melted and, although there were many footprints still visible, none was later identified.

There was no sign of life. In all that wintry countryside, peppered with farmhouses close by, each with its own watchdog, not one dog barked.

But the night of sudden death was not yet ended. Another of James Donnelly's sons, William, had a farm three miles away, on the ninth concession. The 20 disguised men paid another call.

Yet another Donnelly son, John, 24, was spending the night with William and it was he who answered the fateful knock. John was promptly riddled with lead at point-blank range by two men. About 15 others stood 50 yards away. They all departed, exuberantly firing in all directions.

The *Toronto Globe* began its report of the massacre: "Lucan awoke this morning to shock the country with intelligence of the blackest crime ever committed in the Dominion." Whether this is a fair statement or not it is certain that the Donnelly slayings are the nearest thing in Canadian criminal history to the vigilante lynchings in the southern United States.

Murder at the Threshing Bee

JAMES DONNELLY was 70 when he died at the hands of the night-riders. He worked a 100-acre farm in the County of Middlesex. Biddulph Township was thickly settled in 1880 and its farmhouses were all well within whistling distance of their nearest neighbors. It was on this farm that James Donnelly brought up his high-spirited brood of seven sons and one daughter. James was described by the Press of the day as "a rollicking, drinking, quarrelsome Irishman, always ready to engage in any dispute that might give him scope for his fighting prowess." From contemporary reports it is clear that the other members of the family followed their father's example; they appeared to be willing to fight anyone at the drop of a hat, and people always seemed to be dropping hats wherever the Donnellys went.

The story of the activities of the Donnellys in Biddulph Township during the 10 years before the massacre is one of violence on their part, hatred on the part of their long-suffering neighbors. The fact was that James Donnelly would have come a bad last in any popularity contest held in Biddulph Township and his sons, William, John, Robert and Thomas, would not have finished much better.

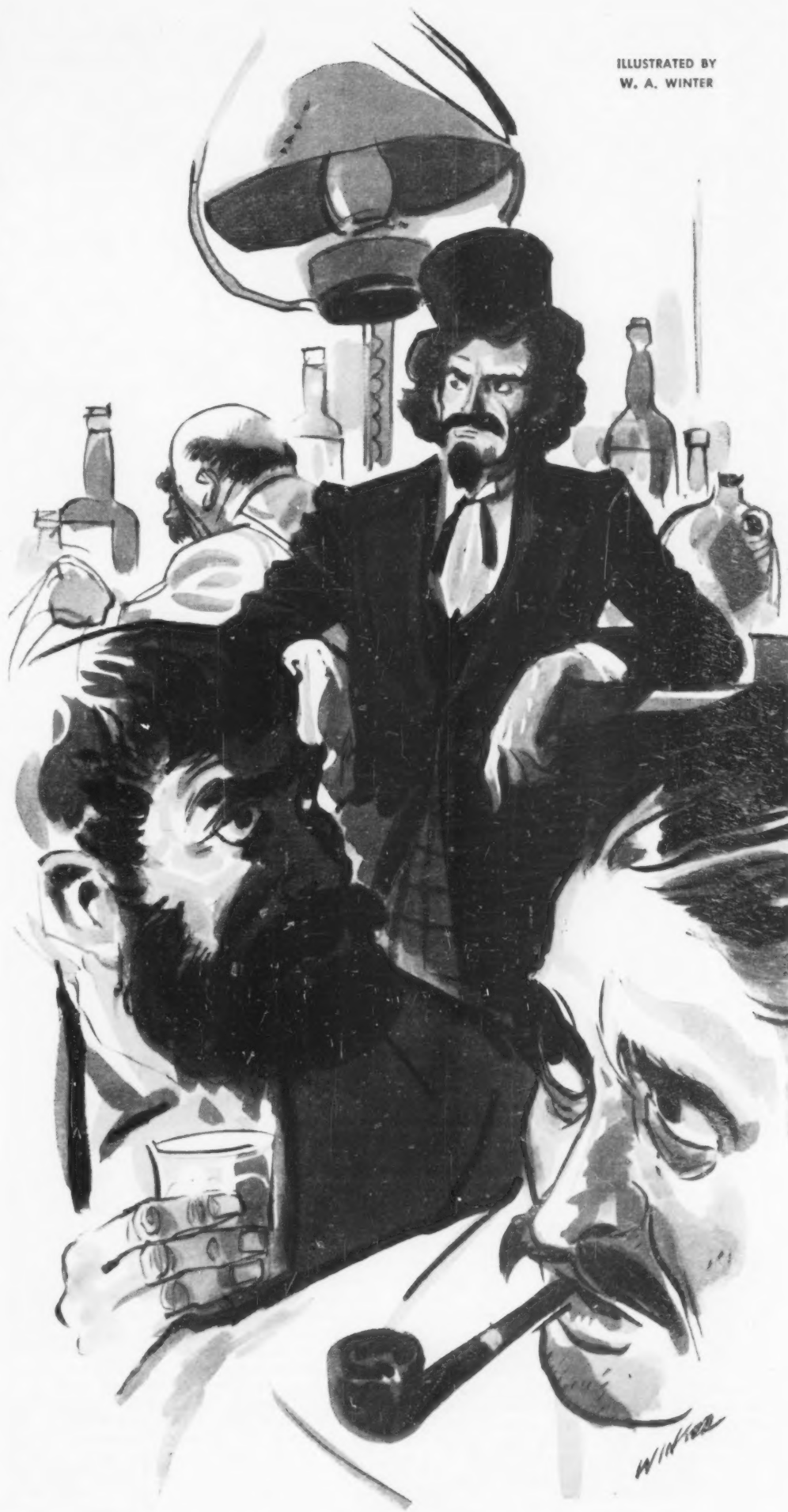
James Donnelly, with his wife and their two eldest sons, arrived from Ireland in 1847. He selected the best 100 acres he could find in Biddulph Township and settled on them as a squatter, holding no title to the land. But the Canadian Company, a concern which dealt with land grants at the time, deeded title to Donnelly's land to a man called Farrell, and Farrell took possession of the land that Donnelly had cleared and cultivated. This action did nothing to endear Farrell to Donnelly, or Donnelly to him.

In 1857, at a threshing bee, Donnelly and Farrell got into a fight. Nobody interfered as it was thought they were both so drunk it was not possible they could do each other any harm. However, Donnelly got hold of an iron spike and opened up Farrell's skull with it. That was the end of Farrell and the Donnellys moved back at once to the old homestead; no one else ever tried to evict them.

James Donnelly left the vicinity for a year or two, but eventually gave himself up and was tried for murder at the Huron Assizes. A jury brought in a verdict of guilty and Donnelly was sentenced to be hanged. This was

Continued on page 27

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. A. WINTER



A surviving Donnelly called, "Set 'em up, bartender." No one moved in Fitzhenry's Hotel.



A golden age of peace and progress is ours if we want it, says Winston at 75.

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

"MAN'S LAST ENEMY - HIMSELF"

Winston Churchill jugged his jaw and sent his voice thundering around the Commons and into the vault of history. Baxter listened and saw a brave and weary old man try to light the way for an unhappy world

WINSTON CHURCHILL was in a bad mood. On behalf of the Tory Opposition he had demanded a foreign affairs debate and it was to begin at 3.30 that afternoon. As he sat up in bed eating his breakfast and reading the newspapers he received a message that Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, would not open the debate but would wind up at night.

Churchill had assumed that Bevin would begin and would thereby supply the material on which he could base his reply and make constructive criticism. He called Anthony Eden on the telephone and expressed his annoyance, then he called other colleagues and expressed the annoyance all over again. Eden had already been assigned the task of winding up for the Opposition at night. Churchill considered the advisability of withdrawing from the whole thing himself and letting Harold Macmillan open the debate instead.

An hour later, however, still in bed, he began to make notes and dictated them to his secretary. Then he revised them, eliminated various items,

and started over again. When at noon they asked him about luncheon he said that he would have it in bed. Like Mark Twain he long ago discovered that the two best places for thinking clearly are in bed or in the bath.

At 2 o'clock he was still making notes but the brooding frown had gone. No longer was he poring over his notes, for they had taken command of him. The creative flow which can be so sluggish or so impetuous was in full torrent.

That afternoon Churchill rose in a House that was so crowded that many of us had to stand, for by tradition there are not enough seats for the members if they all turn up. The public galleries and the special galleries were also packed.

For a moment it seemed as if something had gone wrong. It was understood that Bevin would not speak first, but he was not even on the Government front bench, an inexcusable slight to Churchill and the whole House. Turning to the speaker, Churchill expressed his disappointment that the Foreign Secretary was not willing to open the debate.

"Where is he?" shouted the Tories.

Churchill then went on to criticize the Government for mishandling the debate, but the words came rather stumblingly and the House began to get restless.

Breaking off, he turned to Mr. Speaker and said: "I trust that the Foreign Secretary is not in any way indisposed ('Where is he?' shouted the Tories) but it does seem to me that as he is going to reply to the debate one would have the opportunity of his attention at this moment." The angry Tories growled assent.

Then he went on to contrast the state of the two great parties since the general election, a matter which had no real application to the debate. He was obviously losing his audience.

"Get on with it," said a Labor M.P., but not quite loud enough to reach Churchill's ears.

Then Churchill braced his shoulders and that fighting chin protruded an inch or more. Fixing Clement Attlee with his eye he said: "The Prime Minister accused me

Continued on page 30

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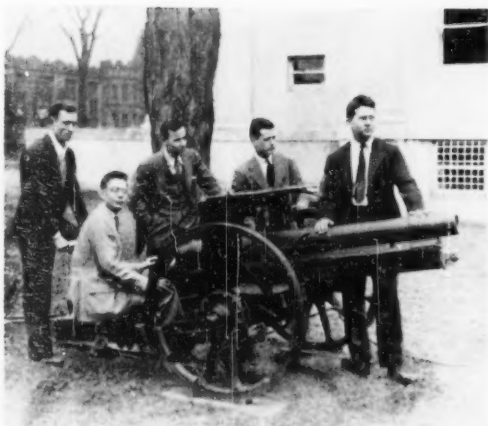
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STEINER
Lewis Gorin, Jr., and his Princeton pals sprang a joke 14 years ago and it hasn't died yet. Their burlesque on the soldier bonus set millions laughing.

The Spoof That Swept A Continent



WIDE WORLD

The "Vets" man a campus cannon. The "future war" found them ready. Left to right: T. Riggs, W. P. Breese, Gorin, A. M. Black, Penn Kimball.

Demanding soldier bonuses while alive to spend them, 13 students in 1936 set a screwball snowball rolling. What happened to the Vets of Future Wars?

By JAMES DUGAN

IN THE spring of 1936, 13 Princeton University students sprang a satirical joke which rocketed into one of the big laughs of our era. They founded an organization called the Veterans of Future Wars, a magical mixup of pacifism and a burlesque on the soldier bonus. The spoof erupted briefly across most campuses in the U. S. and Canada.

That was 14 years ago. Since then their "future war" came true. Recently I found out what happened to the 13 sardonic lads in the unfunny years since. But first let me spin the microfilm backward to the front pages of March 17, 1936 . . .

Under a Princeton dateline Lewis Jefferson

Gorin, Jr., a dark-haired 22-year-old from Louisville, Ky., the national commander of the Veterans of Future Wars, solemnly declared to the world, "Inasmuch as the coming war will deprive the most deserving bloc of Veterans of Future Wars of their bonus by causing their sudden and complete demise, the bonus must be paid now." He demanded treasury payments of \$1,000 to each male between 18 and 36.

The ensuing uproar cut across party lines and political feuds of the early New Deal era. Amid the trumpeting laughter a furious figure advanced—James E. Van Zandt, national commander of the genuine Veterans of Foreign Wars, who had recently lobbied through Congress immediate payment of the World War I bonus. Van Zandt tugged his lanyard and exploded all over the papers. "A bunch of

Continued on page 36

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About 12,000 of them are employed by Imperial. Some search for new oil fields; some move oil from producing fields to refineries where others make it into Esso and hundreds of other useful products; still others see to it that these are on hand wherever you want them.

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About Canada's Oil — On its 1949 manufacturing and marketing operations Imperial earned a profit equivalent to less than three-quarters of a cent a gallon for each gallon of product sold.

Imperial's investment in plant and equipment is equivalent to more than \$19,000 for each employee.

The wholesale price of gasoline has increased only a third as much as the average wholesale price of all commodities over the past 10 years.



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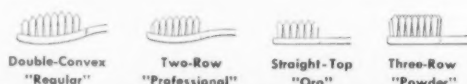
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An Island to Share

Continued from page 11

"To the hospital where he belongs."
"I don't think he's as ill as that."
The man said, "He's very ill."
"I phoned for Dr. Carlson."
"Dr. Carlson is out of town. I came."

She knew this was Jonathan Wane. He was young and new in town and Isabel Carriker was young and far from new. The beach club set . . . the "best set" swung around her.

"So I see."
Nanny came down the stairs. "I'm ready, doctor."

In the back seat Nanny held Derrick and the blankets. There was no place for Isabel except by Dr. Wane. He drove fast; he said nothing. She had come with no coat and was cold. Once she glanced at him and wished with surprising violence that she'd get pneumonia herself as a result of this ride. She, of course, got nothing except at the end of 10 days a remarkably well child.

NOW Jonathan Wane sat on the edge of her bed looking, thought Isabel, as though he were on the terrace at the club.

"I told you months ago you ought to have Derrick's tonsils out. It would improve his disposition."

"I don't seem to get around to it."
"What do you get around to, Isabel, besides golf and bridge?"

"I've gotten around to a first-rate pain in my middle if you'd believe me."

"I believe you or you wouldn't be here. We start X-rays in the morning though I'm not at all sure, Isabel, it's the kind of pain I can cure." He stood up, glanced at his watch. "I'll be getting on, it's five."

He left.

After early supper, Isabel sat with the bed cranked up, watching light fade from the grey walls. She thought of Robert alone in the study. She saw him by the mantel, remembered how they seldom had anything to say to one another now. At times his creased sleeve, the sharp line of white cuff frightened her. Each evening he brought from the city this groomed and armored look. He used to be pleasant enough by dinnertime. Did either of them know just what had happened? The truth was, nothing had happened; nothing except seven years of marriage . . . other people, other things. And then Derrick had pneumonia and Dr. Wane came instead of Dr. Carlson.

There was some commotion at the door of room 338. Someone was coming; Robert, after all? Not with commotion, not Robert. Women, three of them. With her smallest smile, Isabel watched them sail in, two of them dark and thin and one big, high-bosomed blonde, who happened to be saying,

"And I said to Mike, 'I won't pay four dollars for a steak,' and he said, 'What you put in your stomach's well put.' Hello, Anna! How're you? What do the doctors say?"

"Not much."
"Will you hear that? We'd better go to the movies, girls."

"Look at Anna lying in bed not working."

Mrs. Vavrek said, "I guess I worked too long."

"Didn't we say? You could have give up the island when Oscar died and lived nice and easy in town like us. But no, you had to kill yourself on that island. Well, this'll learn you."

"I want to go back to the island," said Mrs. Vavrek. "I wish I could see Ernie."

"He'd come, only he smells so fishy he's ashamed."

"Ain't he a sketch, though? How's he ever going to get him a girl?"

"I wonder, couldn't one of you comb my hair; the nurses are so busy . . ."
"Now Minnie, your hair's right nice. A new do, ain't it?"

Minnie, the big blonde, came over to the mirror. "The dye job's okay but she got the curl too tight." She dived at the crimps with her fingers. "Ernie and Oscar both of 'em alike . . . why work when you can sit in a boat all day. No, Anna, you done the work for both of 'em."

Mrs. Vavrek said, "All of us worked together. Could you just comb my . . ."

Minnie said, prodding her crimps. "Let the men work for us is what I say." The bold blue eyes in the mirror looked at Isabel . . . and that's what you say, baby. I can tell. Isabel looked back with a sense of shock. In spite of the pouches the face was hard as granite. Something made her speak to this woman.

"Do you think it would bother the lady if I smoked?"

"Oh no. She's no lady; she's our sister. She don't mind anything." A burst of laughter. "How about it, Anna? That right?"

"I don't mind," said Mrs. Vavrek.

ISABEL took out a cigarette and lit it. The frail smoke hanging at the edge of the lamplight seemed to her like Mrs. Vavrek's voice, or even like Mrs. Vavrek, dispersed by these robust creatures, hovering with her uncombed hair at the edges of their world.

A young man in a trench coat came in. He was healthy and embarrassed; he glanced at Isabel and dived out of sight. "Hello, Mom; how you feel?"

If this was Ernie, he didn't smell of fish but hair lotion. Isabel was disappointed. Vaguely, she wanted Ernie to stay on the island . . .

"Did Ernie come with you, Steve?"

"No, Mom."

"With me gone, he's got all the work," Mrs. Vavrek said.

"Him and them clams," the ladies laughed.

"Ernie give me a quart of his blood," said Mrs. Vavrek. "They won't let him give no more."

"How about you, Steve?"

"I would; I spoke to Gladys, but she says with her and the kid, three mouths to feed and they work you hard at the bank—"

Robert, thought Isabel, had three mouths to feed. He never said whether they worked him hard or not.

The public-address system announced that visiting hours were over.

"Good night, Mom. Take care of yourself. If there's anything you want."

"Tell Ernie . . ."

"It's Garson and Pidgeon; I say we might as well . . ."

They were gone.

For a little longer steps and voices passed. Isabel listened. The well and strong were going home or to the movies, leaving these cubicles to night and strangeness and pain and maybe death. Soon a nurse came and filled their water bottles for the night.

"Light out, Mrs. Vavrek? There!" She glanced at Isabel's light and went out and shut the door.

But beyond that ponderous door stillness had settled . . . a step, an isolated voice . . . then stillness. And here was Isabel Carriker snut up with somebody's cleaning woman. An old phrase turned in her mind . . . strange bedfellows. The full strangeness of it settled on her for the first time, a queer, eating loneliness. Mrs. Vavrek stirred. I should turn off my light and let her get to sleep. But Isabel didn't turn off the light. Not since she was a

Continued on page 26

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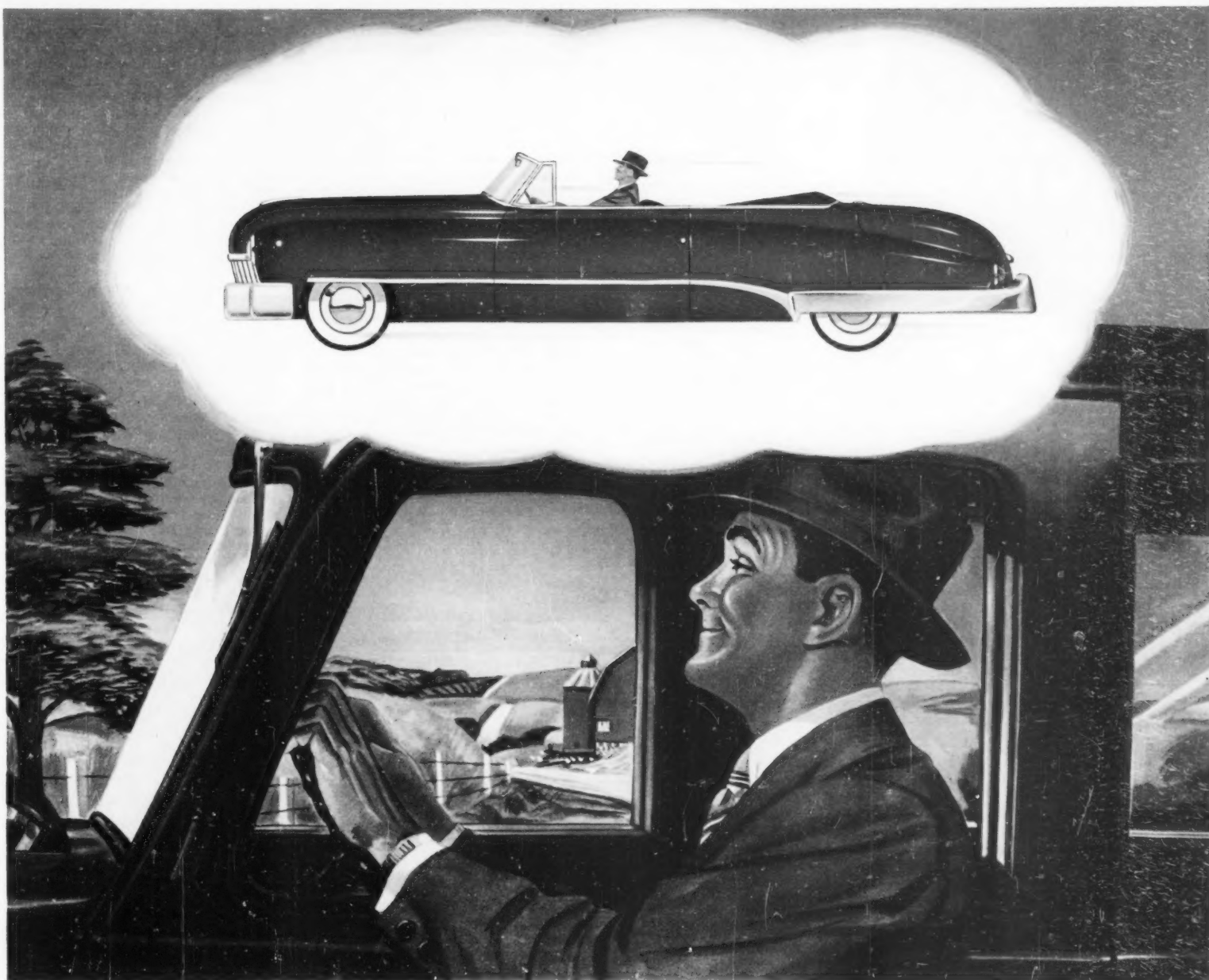
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Continued from page 24
child had she been afraid of the dark.
"Nobody come to see you, did they,
lady?"

It was Mrs. Vavrek's voice. Isabel
stiffened. "No."

"Ain't you got nobody?"
"My husband and my son." And
who is she to ask me, Isabel asked
herself. "I didn't want them to come;
I'm here to rest."

It didn't click. "I've got a good son,
Ernie."

"I'm sure he is." Did I say that?
I'm a fool! Isabel thought. I'm sure
of no such thing.

"They think it's the fish smell why
Ernie don't come. It ain't. It makes
Ernie lonesome to come around where
there's people. He's like me; he loves
the island. I told Ernie I'm coming
back."

Something was pushed discreetly
past the door; the elevators made that
inordinate noise, then silence.

"If I was to tell you the story of the
island you could write a book about it
and it would sell."

Isabel didn't answer . . . We won't
go into best sellers tonight. She
reached up and turned off the light.

MRS. VAVREK took the signal.
The light rough breath took up
again, wearing away at the hour.
Isabel stretched; she saw an island

She and Robert had taken the sail-
boat out for a week end, touched with
fair frequency to call on friends who
had shore-front homes, a pleasant,
lazy time. They were coming back;
they could see the long white line of
the yacht club when they skirted the
little island.

She remembered the strong small
house beaten by winter storms and
summer suns, tough grass and sturdy
flowers bright against blue water; rows
of broccoli, cabbage, turnip greens.

. . . Was that Mrs. Vavrek's island?
There were so many all along the
shore . . . She saw its small clean
beach, the pebbles shining, the fishing
boat drawn up and the brawny man
with no shirt and his pants rolled up
part way.

Had that been Ernie, mending a line
or a net or some such; pushing fair hair
from his eyes to look at them? It was
neither a hostile nor a welcoming look,
merely a look of one world into another.
She'd been glad they went on and swam
at the club with everyone they knew
. . . the fisherman's eyes were the blue
of distance and deep water . . . Was
that Ernie? Undoubtedly all fishermen
looked alike . . . She dozed; she heard
Mrs. Vavrek breathing.

It seemed Mrs. Vavrek's breath held
up the island, floated it here in the dark,
above the screen . . . seen by each of
them . . . seen by them both together
. . . Isabel slept.

Much later, something awakened her.
It was Mrs. Vavrek. Beyond the
screen, closer than Isabel ever had
been to suffering, Mrs. Vavrek strug-
gled with the beast in her own body.
Isabel sat up. She could ring, someone
would come; but she didn't ring. She
wanted to say, "Mrs. Vavrek, I'm
here." She couldn't; as she and Robert
couldn't go that day to the little beach
and swim.

WELL, Isabel, you look better,"
said Dr. Wane. "Are you?"

"The same, I guess."

Isabel said, "Mrs. Vavrek's out for
X-ray."

He came beside her and took her
pulse. "You're very lucky, Isabel,
nothing so far in the X-rays; or aren't
you interested?"

She lit a cigarette. "Why are you
horrid to me?"

Dr. Wane said, "Robert phoned me
last night."

"To ask if I'd died, by chance?"

"To ask me all about you since he
couldn't ask you."

Smoke curled from her lips, slid over
the screen and she thought of Mrs.
Vavrek. "Did he say how Derrick
was?"

"He didn't mention Derrick. He
had you on his mind, Isabel . . . he
loves you very much."

"I can't love . . ." She stabbed out
the cigarette and tore the stub with
her fingers. ". . . I can't laugh, I
can't cry . . . I can't believe . . ."

"In what, Isabel?"

"In anything . . . myself."

"That's the first true thing you've
said in fifteen minutes."

She picked at the clean coarse cover,
staring down. "Jon, what's wrong with
Mrs. Vavrek?"

"With who?"

She looked up with the practiced
smile. "You know, my roommate."

"Oh," Jonathan Wane laid his hand
over hers. "So much that I'd rather
not talk about it."

"Won't she get well?" She had
grasped his hand. It surprised her and
it must have surprised him, too; he
looked singly and intently at the five
red nails before he looked at her.

"While there's life, Isabel, we fight,"
he said slowly.

THAT night the sisters called on
Mrs. Vavrek again. They left
early, but one of them did comb Mrs.
Vavrek's hair.

Mrs. Vavrek said, "I thought Ernie
might come."

"He might yet, there's still a hour."

We got to go, girls."

The girls went.

There was nothing to do, nothing
to think about; even the pain didn't
come much anymore. Steps passed,
repassed in the hall and each time
Isabel looked. No one came in. Fish
or no fish, why didn't Ernie come, why
didn't he know how much she wanted
him?

Some time later, Mrs. Vavrek
moved in bed; and she always lay so
still . . .

"Do you want anything, Mrs.
Vavrek?" Isabel wakened as if she had
been waiting.

"No, lady; I'm just restless. I'm
going upstairs to the operating room
at nine in the morning."

Mrs. Vavrek hadn't mentioned this
to the sisters. Isabel said a queer thing.
"Does Ernie know?"

"Lady, if Ernie knew he wouldn't
let 'em. He'd come and carry me
straight back to the island. He didn't
want me to leave; it seemed nothing
never went wrong there." Mrs. Vavrek
moved again; she seemed unaccount-
ably stronger and Isabel thought from
her voice she was sitting up. "I've a
notion just to get up and run off back
to the island."

"No you can't do that." Isabel
reached for a cigarette but her hand
shook, she didn't take it. She had heard
of strength like this. She stiffened, but
now trembling shook her body.

Mrs. Vavrek was getting up.

Isabel heard Mrs. Vavrek's feet
fumble the floor . . . This is not my
affair. I wanted a private room . . .
She reached with determination for the
bell cord.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Vavrek.

Isabel didn't ring the bell. She got
up. She stood looking at the screen but
couldn't fold it back nor go around it.
She drew in her breath and said, "I'm
here, Mrs. Vavrek, you mustn't be
afraid."

Mrs. Vavrek's strength was gone. It
wasn't hard to persuade her back to
bed.

ISABEL was wakened by two internes and a nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Vavrek, you're getting quite a send-off. Here you go now . . . oops, onto the stretcher. There."

In a minute the young internes went out laughing. She hated them. Isabel sat up with fury boiling in her. Don't they care, the fools? What have they done with her? She'd be perfectly right to run off! Why doesn't Ernie come? Something jostled the screen.

The stretcher came sliding out. Isabel saw a blue plaid blanket, the grey plait hanging down; Mrs. Vavrek's face was turned aside.

"Mrs. Vavrek?" Isabel said.

The face turned, the eyes looked up.

"How are you, Mrs. Vavrek?"

"A little nervous."

Isabel thought . . . she doesn't know me! "I'm Isabel Carriker."

"I know."

But instead of the screen, a great, grey distance separated them. At any time the screen could have been folded, pushed aside. She had wanted the screen in place. Now she reached across this distance for Mrs. Vavrek. "You were going to tell me the story of the island."

"I remember." A smile as grey and powdery as a moth flicked Mrs. Vavrek's mouth. Isabel didn't know why it made her happy, why she suddenly knew without being told the story of the island . . . the perfectly simple story of work and love.

Isabel saw the island; not a lump of land in the Sound but Mrs. Vavrek's life set in the middle of this great grey distance. Isabel reached for it, reached for Mrs. Vavrek's hand, but the blanket was drawn to her chin. There was just the thin grey braid and Isabel touched that.

The nurse came back with the blanket she had gone for. "Well, here we go, Mrs. Vavrek, all ready for the big trip."

Mrs. Vavrek didn't notice. She said to Isabel, "Ernie never come, but I know why; it wasn't the fish smell. Tell Ernie . . ."

Isabel said, "I'll tell Ernie, Mrs. Vavrek."

IN THE X-ray room at eleven o'clock Isabel stepped out of the wheel chair and said to Miss Stodgis in charge, "This all seems pretty silly."

"You feel better, Mrs. Carriker?"

"The pain's all gone."

Miss Stodgis was shoving into place the mystical black mechanism of X-ray. "That's the loveliest negligee, Mrs. Carriker. And those red slippers, aren't they cute! It's a shame but you'll have to put on that hospital gown."

"I know," said Isabel.

Isabel went in the dressing room and came back with the sterile lumpy garment tied on her.

"I must say it does change you," Miss Stodgis smiled, sliding a plate in the table. "Now if you'll just lie down; make yourself comfortable. Dr. Ignu'll be right in."

Isabel went to the table. She stood by it and looked at her diamond watch. It was ten after eleven. She looked at the absurd red slippers with gold tassels on the toes. She said, "It's been over two hours . . . I wonder how Mrs. Vavrek is."

"Mrs. Vavrek died," said Miss Stodgis.

TEN minutes later the black box of the X-ray room had only one reddish light high up somewhere like an eye. Miss Stodgis' white uniform showed and Dr. Ignu's white coat. He wore goggles and looked like a bug. There was only one sound in the room and it was low and violent. The door opened.

The man said, "I'm looking for Mrs. Carriker."

"Oh, Dr. Wane," said Miss Stodgis. "Thank goodness it's you!"

"Mrs. Carriker's husband and little boy are here. They said on the floor that she was down at X-ray. You couldn't tell me where . . ."

"She's right here," Miss Stodgis said. Dr. Wane stepped aside and closed the door. Darkness swallowed him.

"Here?"

"We were ready 10 minutes ago," Miss Stodgis said. "Dr. Ignu has to be upstairs at 11.30. Maybe you can . . ."

"Just a minute, Miss Stodgis, please." Dr. Wane crossed the room. Isabel was flung full length on the X-ray table, face hidden, the light hair scattered, her hand made into a fist. Dr. Wane put out his hand, but he rested it on the dead, hard surface of the table.

"You can go, Dr. Ignu. We won't need these pictures." And to Miss Stodgis he said, "Let her alone. Let her cry." ★

But these were merely the offenses for which the Donnellys had been convicted. They were caught at many others, but were never convicted and, indeed, as time went on, they were not prosecuted as often as they might have been.

Perhaps one of the reasons was that any informant who laid charges against a Donnelly became enmeshed in most unfortunate circumstances. One who was bold enough to say that James Donnelly had robbed him of \$80 had his barn burned down. Another, who tangled with son William in a squabble about a stagecoach franchise, woke up one morning to find that a mysterious fire had destroyed his stable, his barn and all his coaches. A third, who had the effrontery to lay an assault charge against son John, entered his barn one morning to find his horses in panic; investigation revealed that their tongues had been cut out.

If you offended a Donnelly in any way it was a good bet you would find your barn burned down by morning. There were more barns burned in Biddulph Township from 1875 to 1880 than there were barns; as fast as they could be built the Donnellys would

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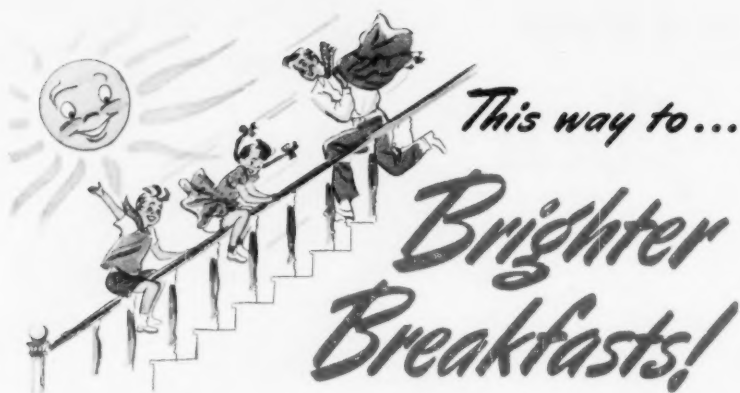
The Vigilante Massacre

Continued from page 19

commuted to seven years, which the father served in Portsmouth Penitentiary. Son Robert (with whom we are not otherwise concerned in this narrative) was most fortunate, at the time of the 1880 massacre, to be serving a two-year stretch at Portsmouth Penitentiary for the trifling offense of shooting at the chief constable of Lucan. He missed by a scant inch.

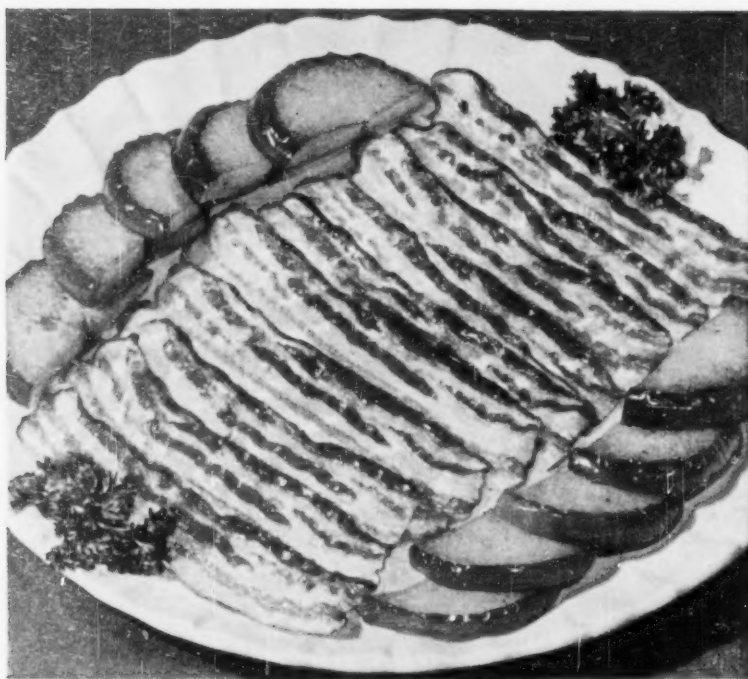
By the time James Donnelly rejoined his family his sons were reaching manhood and, according to a contemporary report, "it was admitted on all sides that a finer-looking family did not live in Biddulph. They were all well-built muscular men, with curly hair and well-cut features."

At this time son William was the only other member of the family with a record. He, too, shot at a police officer but, as this happened at an Irish wedding in Fitzhenry's Hotel in Lucan, a benign view was taken and William served a paltry nine months, which he allowed at the time he "could do on his head."



HURRY ON DOWN, cherubs . . . Dad's right behind you!

There's Swift's Premium Bacon for breakfast—a treat to be treasured *any* day! What a savoury, flavoury way to spark the brighter breakfasts active minds and bodies need! So rich in food energy, with that everytime-dependable quality and famous *sweet smoke taste* . . . no wonder Canada actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to all other leading brands *combined*!



COOKING IT RIGHT IS EASY! Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates (and save for future use). Serve with unpeeled apple slices dipped in brown sugar and fried in bacon fat.



Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!



burn them down. Or so it was alleged by the anti-Donnelly faction. But let's be fair. Once the Donnellys' barn was burned to the ground. The Donnellys surely were not responsible for that.

At the time of the massacre son John was awaiting trial for perjury; son Thomas had been committed on a charge of robbery; father James and his wife were jointly charged with arson. The trial of the parents was to have opened on the morning of Feb. 4, 1880, the very day of the murders.

The Priest Feared Arrest

Among the residents of Biddulph Township who took a poor view of the Donnellys' long record of trouble and violence was the parish priest, Father Connolly, an elderly, kindly man "with a pleasing, open countenance and of medium stature." For some years he had made attempts to reform the Donnellys, then he denounced them from his pulpit and advised his parishioners to form a committee to protect themselves.

This suggestion was so well received that the priest was induced to organize the committee himself. About Dec., 1879, the first meeting of a Vigilance Committee was called and about 100 citizens signed an agreement "for their own mutual protection and assistance in bringing to justice the perpetrators of the deeds which were being perpetrated by unknown parties."

Somebody got the idea it would be a good thing to appoint a subcommittee, which might move a little faster than a larger and more unwieldy body. Then, too, such a subcommittee would not be unduly hampered by the priest's all-too-Christ-an outlook. It was never admitted that the subcommittee had a chairman, but unquestionably its guiding light was James Carroll, who had been appointed county constable on a petition signed by members of the Vigilance Committee.

Two days after the massacre Father Connolly preached the sermon at the mass funeral, held in his own church in Lucan. He had stated in interviews that he was mortally afraid of son William and believed that William would do all in his power to have him arrested for murder. He feared that the fact that he had organized the Vigilance Committee made him just as liable to prosecution as any of the actual murderers.

Father Connolly was never arrested for murder or anything else, but on the strength of what William Donnelly, his wife and Johnny O'Connor said they saw and heard, 12 men were arrested and charged with the multiple murders.

Only one was formally charged before Mr. Justice Armour and a jury on Oct. 4, 1880: James Carroll, with the murder of Judith Donnelly. The other 11 had been in custody since early February and it was tacitly agreed by all concerned that the Carroll trial would be a test case.

Johnny O'Connor testified that he both saw and heard Carroll place

Thomas Donnelly and the father James under arrest. William Donnelly and his wife both identified Carroll as one of the visitors who supervised the sudden death of John.

Carroll produced what seemed to be an ironclad alibi. He wasn't there, he said, and he produced a vast number of witnesses who testified that he spent the night at the home of one of his co-accused. The other co-accused were present and, one by one, they stepped firmly into the witness box to testify that it couldn't have been Carroll that Johnny and the Donnellys saw. Of course, an alibi for Carroll was an alibi for every co-accused, but there it was—these men were giving their evidence on oath.

While William Donnelly and his wife would probably think nothing of perjury to hang their archenemy, the county constable, it seemed that Johnny O'Connor (who was 11 then) was telling the truth as well as he knew how and his story was not shaken by clever cross-examination. But the jury didn't seem to be much impressed for they brought in a finding that seven of them were for acquittal, four for conviction, one undecided.

The judge discharged the jury and released all the prisoners on bail.

The second trial began on January 24, 1881. Mr. Justice Cameron and Mr. Justice Osler had been appointed as a "special commission" to sit with a jury on the second trial, a procedure unknown today. Again, there was the single trial of Carroll on the charge of murdering Judith Donnelly, with the other 11 prisoners awaiting their turns.

This time the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and Carroll and all his co-accused went free.

The Heroes at the Bar

In Lucan on the evening of the acquittal, Feb. 3, 1881, one day short of the first anniversary of the "blackest crime ever committed in the Dominion," revelry ran high at Fitzhenry's Hotel. James Carroll and his vigilantes were the toast of the town. A number of the jurymen were present and, in their way, they were heroes too.

Then in walked William Donnelly. The noisy bar was shocked into silence. Son William was drunk. He glared around the celebrating drinkers.

"I'd like to buy every one of you — murderers a drink," he said thickly. "Set 'em up, bartender!"

No one moved, and the bartender went on wiping errant suds off the mahogany bar.

William glared around again, but no one seemed to be looking at him.

As suddenly as he had arrived son William shouldered his way out of the bar. Then the party got going again, and lasted for as many hours as it took to drink ironical toasts to all the Donnellys collectively, and each one, living and dead, individually, with appropriate speeches to accompany them.

As any Irishman knows, that takes a good deal of time. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Dishonesty at Ottawa

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

Our politicians mislead us, deceive us and conceal essential truths, says this outstanding political writer in a hard-hitting article. He names names, cites the record, suggests a remedy.

IN MACLEAN'S JUNE 15

ON SALE JUNE 9

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fine MODERN *furniture by Snyder's*

WATERLOO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUE.

Green Light for the Crazy Quilt Express

Continued from page 15

haired general manager, John Ashmore Kennedy, who began his career in 1900 as a CPR office boy in Winnipeg, feels the same way as Andy Steel about the road's gradual conversion to diesels.

When the PGE finally does chug into Prince George it will lose one of its costly claims to fame. Now it is one of the continent's few standard-gauge

railroads that have no physical link with any other railroad. At Prince George it will meet up with the Canadian National branch line running between Edmonton and Prince Rupert. This is of considerable importance for, as with people, so with railways—those with the best connections are the most likely to succeed.

Until this meeting with the CNR the PGE will also remain the world's one railroad not on an island that can take freight cars from other systems only after the cars have put out briefly to sea. Boxcars from the New York

Central, Baltimore and Ohio and most every other North American line are loaded onto barges in Vancouver and towed by the tug Port Ellice through the Strait of Georgia and up Howe Sound to Squamish. The 45-mile journey takes six hours.

By necessity the Pacific Great Eastern's passengers from Vancouver are also water-borne but seldom seem to mind. The three-and-a-half-hour trip by Union Steamships' coastal steamers has been likened by many a world traveler to a journey through the Norwegian fiords.

Macleans Magazine, June 1, 1951

By January 1951 the link from Vancouver to Squamish should be open. Then, says general manager Kennedy, the speedup of freight and lower handling charges will enable his railway to operate at a profit, something it has rarely been able to do.

Passenger service on the PGE, in spite of leaky Pullmans, is unequalled by any giant system with palatial depots and streamlined trains. What other railroad would throw its train in reverse for three miles to accommodate a passenger who has overslept his stop? One day last summer the PGE did just that for an elderly couple who were bound for a holiday on a dude ranch near Lone Butte. The train was three miles past Lone Butte when the travelers were found still sound asleep. They were roused and had time to complete their toilet as the train backed into Lone Butte.

Waterfall Washes the Windows

Tucked away in the mountainous core of British Columbia, the Pacific Great Eastern crowds so much superb scenery into its short line that even engineer Ed Deschene packs a camera in a huge pocket of his grease-spattered overalls. The Canadian Pacific's world-famous stretch of mountain grandeur between Banff and Revelstoke doesn't surpass the PGE's 348 miles of scenery in variety.

"The PGE's route is so precarious," an awed wayfarer once remarked, "it would frighten the suction cups off a human fly."

So precarious is it that trains are held to a 25-mile-an-hour speed limit and the engineers have strict orders against trying to get home in time for lodge meetings. Crushing granite boulders are poised menacingly atop sheer cliffs which hem in mile after mile of the right-of-way. But, in spite of a route that would unnerve a tightrope walker, the PGE has never had a passenger fatality.

Train crews have been less fortunate. One night in the fall of 1944 a granite avalanche came roaring out of the blackness to decapitate a passenger train. The engine was sliced cleanly away from the coaches and buried, with its engineer and fireman, under tons of rock and gravel, at the bottom of Seton Lake. A deep-sea diver was lowered to the wreckage but was unable to recover the entombed men. In January this year it happened again. An avalanche of snow and rock swiped another loco into Seton Lake, killing the engineer and fireman.

Only seven miles out of Squamish, itself in the shadow of the Squamish Chief and the perpetually snow-clad peak of Garibaldi, the Crazy Quilt Express plunges into the narrow, rock-bound confines of Cheakamus Canyon. Sometimes it runs so close to the thundering waterfalls that spray splatters against the brick-red sides of the coaches. At others it is suspended a dizzy 500 feet above the boiling gorge.

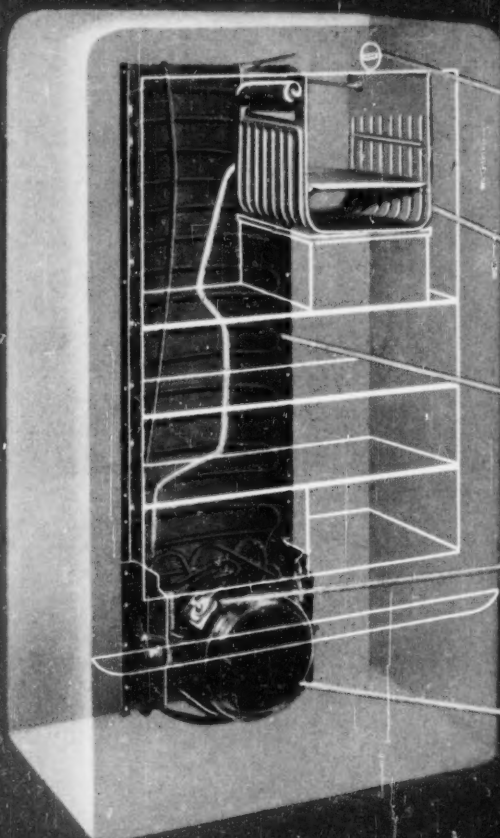
A Gun in the Baggage Car

Once out of the Cheakamus the train snakes across a timbered plateau, crosses the precipitous brink of Brandywine Falls, winds along the granite ledge of two alpine lakes, Seton and Anderson, and then veers eastward into Lillooet, in the heart of the tomato and sagebrush belt. Here in the lawless golden years, 1863-65, of the Cariboo gold rush stood Hangman's Tree from which outlaws were strung at the decree of Sir Matthew Begbie, famed as British Columbia's hanging judge.

At Lillooet the PGE joins the Fraser River and strikes out along the Cariboo

Continued on page 32

You should know the INSIDE STORY OF THE WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATOR



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insures non-fluctuating temperatures in all FIVE zones of cold. Only Westinghouse has it.

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Most satisfactory condenser ever designed. Requires no fan. Self-cleaning. Silent.

BUILT-IN WATCHMAN
Protects motor against all abnormal conditions. Re-starts automatically when normal conditions restored. Exclusive.

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Most efficient and economical mechanism. Super-powered for emergency demands. Never requires oiling. Dust proof. Backed by fifty years' experience.

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Pyrex Oven and Refrigerator Sets for baking, serving and storing. They stack in the ice box. \$3.95



Pyrex Flameless Teapot, the ideal gift... has so many uses. Fine for all hot drinks. 6 cup size in gift carton. \$2.95

Pyrex Flameless Percolator makes perfect coffee every time. Now 4 cup size, \$3.35. 6 cup size, \$3.95. 9 cup size, \$5.25.

PYREX is the Perfect Gift!

Here's a gift that's beautiful and practical too! It's the new PYREX Gift Set... four heat-resistant bowls in handy sizes. Perfect for baking, mixing, storing and serving. Brighten her kitchen with PYREX... in sparkling clear glass at \$2.50 and pastel blue at \$2.95... attractively packaged for gifting!

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ALL PYREX IS GUARANTEED AGAINST HEAT BREAKAGE FOR TWO YEARS

Continued from page 30

Road. Here the train encounters a scenic stretch that rivals the Cheakamus. The track clings to a naked ledge 2,600 feet above the upper canyon of the Fraser, providing a spectacle which PGE officials believe is unequalled on any other North American railroad.

Completely blasé about the risks it is running the Crazy Quilt Express continues on to Deep Creek which it crosses at a height of 279 feet on what was once the highest railroad bridge in the British Empire.

Appropriately, after this adventure the train heads toward two whistle stops named Whisky Creek and Soda Creek. In Whisky Creek you can't even buy a beer, but such misnomers are commonplace on the PGE. For, a few miles later on, the train pulls into Australian, a mere dot on the map which was named after three Swedes and an American during the Cariboo gold rush. The natives called it that after mistaking the accents of the Swedes and the Americans who had pitched camp there for an Australian twang.

Because the right-of-way is not enclosed by fencing and because it runs through some of the West's richest cattle country, herds of cattle, and even a lone moose, frequently wander onto the track and cause the engineer to reach for the brakes. In the baggage car a rifle is always kept handy. Train crews have orders to stop and shoot any injured steers or moose before getting up steam again. The record slaughter in one collision is 22 cattle.

Bulldozers Scare the Moose

Work on the extension to Prince George is well under way. Early last summer the first contract, for \$634,000, was let to a Vancouver firm to clear and grade the first 14-mile stretch north of Quesnel to formidable Cottonwood Canyon which will cost \$1 million to bridge.

Bulldozers and gargantuan graders are gouging the new right-of-way out of virgin country where moose can be heard crashing through the spruce thickets. Glistening white tent encampments have sprung up in the bushland north of Quesnel and high-booted surveyors and construction workers tramp the board sidewalks of that once famous fur-trading centre.

In the modern Cariboo Hotel ("No hobnail boots in the lobby") owner Harold Cleland, who has led many a campaign to have the railroad completed, says, "This will be the making of this country. It's our last great hinterland."

The PGE's future may be as bright as a magnesium flare but its past is plenty shady.

The idea of the railway was conceived by Major-General Jack Stewart, of the firm of Foley, Welch & Stewart, a man who made so much money out of contracts on the Grand Trunk Pacific he was able to splurge \$700,000 to buy a castle in Scotland.

In 1912, when his work on the Grand Trunk was nearly over, he got the idea of building the PGE to link Vancouver with this new transcontinental line. He hustled off to Victoria to sell the scheme to Sir Richard McBride, the silver-tongued Conservative premier. The moment was opportune for Sir Richard was casting about for an election-winning issue.

"It was a meeting of a forceful man who wanted to build a railway and a gullible politician who wanted to win an election," remarks Roy Brown, an editor of the Vancouver Sun, who knew both Stewart and McBride.

They made a deal. McBride agreed to have the government guarantee the

railway's bonds on the basis of \$35,000 a mile. Two years later McBride boosted the guarantee to \$42,000 a mile.

Foley, Welch and Stewart never finished the railroad but instead, in the winter of 1917-18, manoeuvred Hones, John Oliver's Liberal Government into taking it over. They did this by disrupting the service between Squamish and Clinton so that the government would confiscate the line as it had a right to do under the terms of its contract with the PGE. Honest John apparently never realized this was exactly what the builders wanted him to do.

A Rich Prize in the Peace

When the government finally took over only 178.7 miles of railroad had been built. The price was \$20,160,000. Irrespective of other assets the PGE may have owned, this spiraled the cost per mile completed to nearly \$113,000.

At last count the PGE's debt stood at a staggering \$136,800,000. This is made up of \$65,600,000 cash advanced by the government and \$71,200,000 in unpaid interest.

From a revenue standpoint the PGE is rated a Class I railroad, which puts it in the same class as the CPR and CN. It achieved this status in 1946 when, for the first time, revenue passed \$1 million. In 1948 total revenue was a record \$1,791,000, still not enough to cover operating expenses.

The real future of the PGE lies in the Peace River country but to lay steel and provide rolling stock and other equipment to run it into the Peace would cost a whopping \$58 millions. Thirty-five millions, it is estimated, would carry it 196 miles into Centurion Junction in the Pine River Pass and through almost endless timber stands (4.6 billion board feet), and some of the continent's finest coal measures (190 million tons). One hundred million board feet of timber and 750,000 tons of coal could be shipped out annually to provide an estimated operating profit of \$335,000.

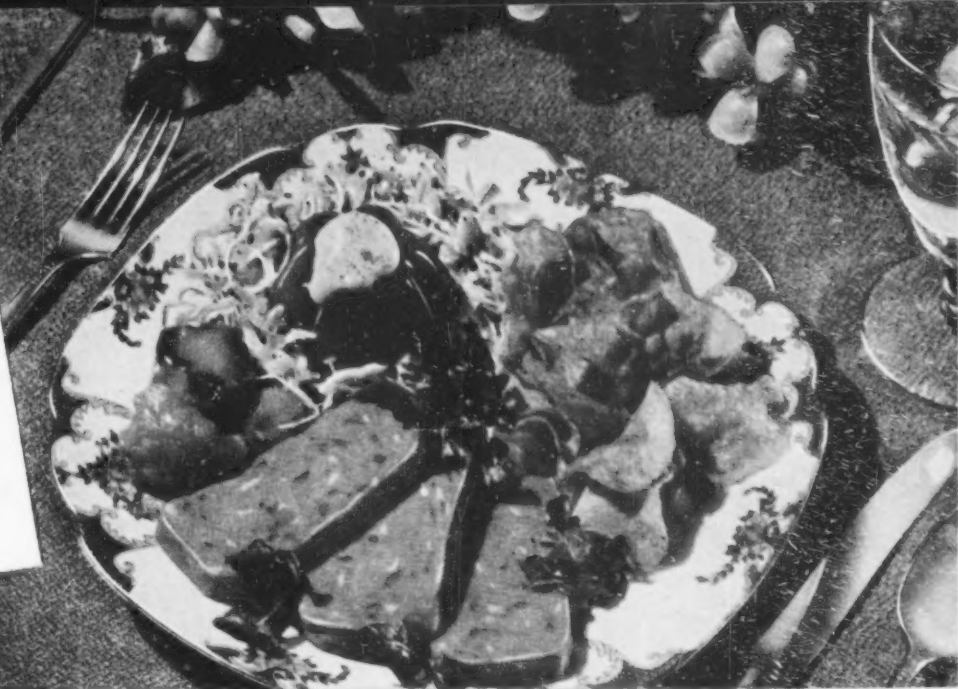
Now, the Peace River's products, chiefly grain, drain eastward into Alberta. Extension of the PGE would channel them to and through Pacific coast ports. Over the PGE the distance to Vancouver from Dawson Creek would be reduced 520 miles from the present roundabout route through Edmonton.

Americans are constantly giving the PGE's Alaskan aspirations a leg up. In 1942 the U. S. Army ran pell-mell surveys from Quesnel to Alaska and was all set to build a railway, linked with the PGE, to supply its garrisons in Alaska. Then the Japanese were driven from the Aleutians and the project shelved. But now it is again high on the list of Washington "maybes." Last August the U. S. House of Representatives passed a bill empowering President Truman to negotiate an agreement with Canada to build a railway through B. C. to Alaska. Earlier the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had passed a similar resolution.

The men who guide the destinies of the Pacific Great Eastern are naturally gratified by all the national and international attention that's lavished on their little railway. But more satisfying than talk is the \$1,200,000 Prime Minister St. Laurent fished out of the federal kitty last summer to help get the railway to Prince George, and still more satisfying is the sound of the bulldozers crashing their way through the woods north of Quesnel. To them that's proof positive that the railway to nowhere is really going places. ★

Burns Spork.

A tasty and nutritious salad, made in a jiffy! Tomato aspic, crisp cole slaw, potato chips and Burns super meat treat — Spork, in tender slices. Versatile Spork can be served innumerable ways — buy several tins today.



VARIETY IN EVERY MEAL — WITH BURNS MEAT PRODUCTS

Burns Meat Balls

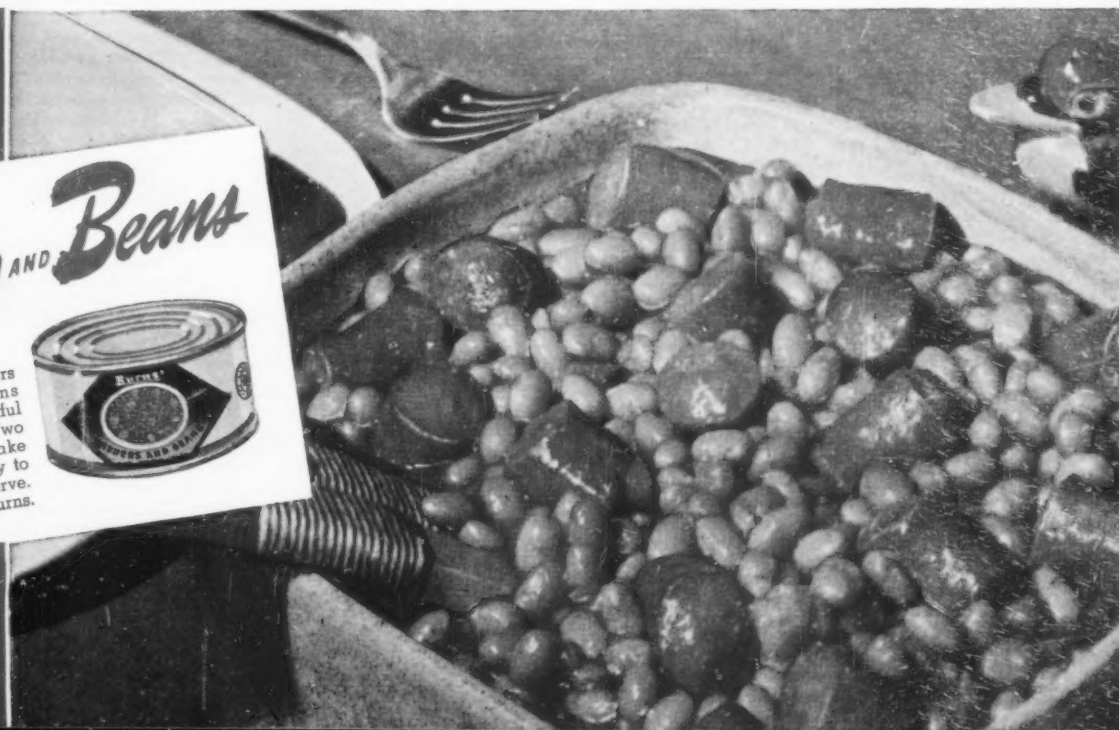
What a delicious treat! Tender beef patties simmering in their own nourishing, rich brown gravy . . . a hot meat dish that tastes like more. Simply serve with extra vegetables, a selected dessert, and you have a meal fit for a king.



BURNS & CO. LIMITED — PIONEER MEAT PACKERS OF CANADA

Burns Wieners AND Beans

Delicious smoke-cured wieners and tender nourishing beans . . . slowly cooked in delightful . . . oriental-spiced tomato sauce. Two family favorites combined to make a special all-time hit. Easy to prepare . . . just heat and serve. Be sure of the best, insist on Burns.



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using Vinylite garden hose is fun!



Even the children and pets will get a thrill from O.S.P. VINYLITE Garden Hose. It's light . . . so much lighter than ordinary hose that it is truly fun to care for lawns and gardens. There is no more heavy lugging . . . no more yanking and dragging when you use O.S.P. VINYLITE Garden Hose. It's flexible . . . kinkproof . . . a pleasure to use in every way.



O.S.P. VINYLITE Garden Hose comes in red or green. . . It's ribbed for toughness and protection against scuffing. It won't kink, crack or peel. It's unharmed by sun or weather. It's so easy to carry, roll up and store. It will give years and years of pleasurable, practical service.

You can get O.S.P. VINYLITE Garden Hose at your department or hardware store . . . or write O.S.P. for free booklet and name of your nearest dealer.



A product of O.S.P. — the leader in plastics for industry and home.



ONTARIO STEEL PRODUCTS
COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO • CHATHAM • MONTREAL

Mermaids Made to Measure

Continued from page 16

from one of Johnston's ghoulishly realistic jobs, which have the general appearance of a chicken rack rolled in mud, given a face and human hair and viewed through a fog of green beer and dill pickles.

Johnston starts with an animal skull, usually a cat's, builds it up with papier-mâché into a nightmarish likeness of a human face, provides it with real hair which he scrounges from a hairdresser friend, gives it the right appearance of decay by dipping it first into a dilute solution of sulphuric acid and sawdust, then into soda; then he adds leg segments of chicken bones, a torso of a beaver's ribs and vertebrae, fingernails of chicken claws, teeth of polished codfish bones, and a posterior of pure fish. Surgeon are best, but sometimes Johnston uses yellow pickles.

The whole thing is given a dug-up look by smearing it with papier-mâché mixed with burnt umber and colored clays. Johnston then moistens the "body" and sprinkles it with a mixture of black loam, sifted ashes and sand, and dries it rapidly, sometimes over his stove, to provide a nice shriveled, atrophied complexion.

When Johnston ships it off to the customer he composes and encloses a spiel which has a tone of scientific sincerity which is actually pure hooey. "Ladies and gentlemen," he writes, "you are looking at the marvelously preserved body of a woman-fish or mermaid. Actually these specimens are not rare. A great number have been found along the shores of the China Seas—probably washed ashore by tidal waves and buried in the hot, preserving silicon sands for centuries." Other curios are "preserved by absorbing arsenic from the clay of the caves in which they lay for untold ages."

The last price list Johnston published, before the war, listed: Egyptian Mummies, \$50; Hieroglyphical Case, \$50; Two-Headed Giant, 9 feet high, complete with traveling case, \$37.50; Mermaids, \$30 to \$40; Small Mermaids, \$20; Boma Twins (a name invented by Johnston for his own version of Siamese twins), \$35; Dog-Faced Boy, \$20; Pig-Headed Girl, \$20; African Pigmy, \$28. Johnston's freak-making has tapered off a bit in the last couple of years, so that he's a little hazy about current prices, but, with the cost of living as it is, he doubts if it would be worth his time to turn out a mummy today for less than \$125.

A Mummy in His Yard

Johnston first got the idea of manufacturing these weird wonderful creatures when, soon after World War I, he became connected with the old Grand Opera House in Toronto as cloakroom and candy-counter concessionaire and part-time propman. A regular reader of Billboard, a theatrical magazine, he often ran across advertisements drawing the attention of carnival owners to the merits of fake freaks, which don't have to be fed. Johnston made a test run on a small mummified girl. It turned out pretty well, although by his present standards it was a crude beginning.

"Them days, I just boiled old newspapers," he says. "Now I have superior methods."

His career didn't really start until in 1924 he temporarily left the Grand Opera House and shipped as assistant steward on the Virterbo, a Norwegian

tramp which took him to Africa. In a museum in Cairo, Egypt, he saw a lot of genuine mummies. During World War I, while in London with the Royal Canadian Engineers, he had seen the mummy of Sety, an Egyptian warrior who lived about 1300 B.C., and his semitranslucent coffin in the British Museum. Always vaguely interested in this sort of thing Johnston had made bales of notes. Now he made a lot more.

When he got back to Toronto he ran an ad in Billboard and got an order for a mummy right away from the Heidelberg Museum, a phony freak spot in St. Paul, Minn. He used a sheep's skull, some boiled newspapers, sugar sacking, sand, ashes, paint and miscellaneous gunk. He bleached the sugar sacking, rubbed it with ashes, bleached it again, then dragged it through the mud a few times before cutting it into mummy bandages.

"You can fool the so-called experts, but not the real authorities," Johnston says. "An Egyptologist could spot my fake mummies at a glance because, for one thing, a real mummy is bound in a cloth of ancient Egyptian weave. Short of swiping one of the Pharaohs' spinning wheels you can't fake that cloth."

He buried the whole mess in his yard and dug it up again, just to give it an extra touch of authenticity, and whipped it off, enclosing an invoice and a spiel. A week later the cheque arrived. A year later, when he visited the Heidelberg Museum, he listened to a lecture on his mummy, which the lecturer described as "the marvelously embalmed body of a beautiful Egyptian slave girl who lived 3,000 years ago."

Red Hair and Harp Hips

He made quite a few mummies after that. He got orders from the Victory Shows, a small carnival which toured Canada in the early '30s, another quack place in Buffalo called Doctor Lynn's Museum, Solomon's Amusement Park, on Toronto's Centre Island, and several other buyers. But after the first mummy he had already begun to extend his technique to bigger and more hideous things.

Johnston's freaks, although several points below zero aesthetically, are cleverly realistic jobs with proven box-office appeal. In 1932 he made a mermaid for an English showman named Harry Humphries who took it to Britain and exhibited it in a silk-lined casket with a glass cover at a hobbies and models exhibition in Manchester City Hall. Humphries reported that more than 8,000 people saw it in a week.

The mermaid was exhibited around Britain for five years until it wore out from repeated shipping. Mermaids, and an occasional merman, have been among Johnston's most consistent best sellers. In 1942 he made a mermaid four feet, six inches long for another synthetic palace of culture, the Well's Curiosity Shop, in Philadelphia. With the war on, he tailored his spiel to public feeling: "This fossil was a Japanese Man-Fish, an evolutionary beginning of the Japanese race."

Sometimes Johnston makes freaks just to see how gruesome he can get. He gives them names that are only slightly less horrible than the models: the williespoof, the whiffenpoof, the wambeeil, the dragon of St. Vitus. One of these, the wambeeil, an indigestible mixture of rabbit and deer, was spotted by the late Lou Marsh, sports columnist for the Toronto Star, who ran a deadpan description of it in his column and gave its habitat as the Holland River swamps, near Schomberg, Ont. When sceptical letters to

the editors began to arrive Marsh got a wambeeil from Johnston and displayed it in the Toronto Star window.

Unabashed by the Bronx cheers of his readers Marsh followed this up by exhibiting another Johnston job, a 17-inch mermaid with a long crop of red hair, shapely hips, a sharklike tail and two dorsal fins, which Marsh termed a shebe-fish, or goliwog carp, "a petromummified specimen of the Plethodonglutinoserne family."

In 1930 Johnston made an octopus for the Johnny J. Jones Show at the Canadian National Exhibition. Jones wanted a genuine octopus, but Johnston talked him into using a rubber octopus which could be taken out of the tank after every show, washed off, and shipped to the next stand in a box. Johnston got hold of a real baby octopus from a fisherman, kept it in his hotel bathtub for a couple of days, then, when it died, preserved it in alcohol. Using it as a model he made a seven-foot octopus in clay. He made a plaster mold and cast the finished product from melted-down printer's press rollers. It was a huge success.

In 1929 he made a two-headed baby for one of the sideshow operators in the Victory Shows. He used paraffin, beeswax and resin, "preserved" the monster in a bottle of water. The operator threw in a scientific lecture by one of the carnival girls who was rigged up in a nurse's uniform.

One hot day when the sideshow operator was exhibiting it in Quebec City the "baby" put the "nurse" off her game by melting right in front of everybody's eyes and floating to the top of the bottle.

Selling Sodas and Snake Oil

Johnston is the eldest of a family of four brothers and two sisters. He was born on Friday, April 13, 1894, at Carleton Place, near Ottawa. As a youngster he spent most of his time roaming around the woods stalking everything that flew, ran, jumped or crawled.

His father, a bridge and building master with the CPR, wanted him to be a railway man, but in the meantime went along with the gag by buying young Archie a book on taxidermy and some glass eyes. The joke was on Johnston Senior. It was enough to start Junior off, at the age of 11, as an amateur taxidermist and to head him in the rough direction of natural science, a course that, although he has veered considerably, he has never changed.

Swotting through a public-school and high-school education made no appreciable change in Johnston's taste for off-trail interests; nor did an engineering course at McGill University, which he dropped at the outbreak of World War I to join the Royal Canadian Engineers.

After his war service he began to do so many things that he now has a hard time sorting them out. He made a buying trip to Mexico for Louis Rhue, a New York wholesale animal and bird dealer, hoboed around the States, worked as soda jerk and snake-oil salesman, and finally became a circus pitchman and advance billing agent. Whenever he was home in Toronto he picked up his loose connections with the Grand Opera House and ran a boys' camp at Head Lake in Northern Ontario.

With confusing versatility he invented an electrocution box for animals, a ring curb for circus horses, a nickelodeon machine for penny arcades, a toy gun and carved birds for door knockers.

He made ventriloquists' dummies, a cow that rolled its eyes, a dice trick and an egg trick. He built papier-mâché window display miniatures of horse cars, prehistoric animals and insects for the Canadian National Exhibition, the Toronto Transportation Commission, Woolworths and the T. Eaton Company. For Thurston the magician he built a false-bottomed trunk and other apparatus. He made a complete miniature set of a Belgian village for Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's Canadian-made movie, "Carry On, Sergeant," and "bombed it out" for the cameras with a .22 rifle.

Two-Headed Man Was Real

The ethics of helping take people in with his fake freaks leaves Johnston unmoved. As long as people get their money's worth by thinking they see what they pay to see nobody has been gypped, he feels. He even thinks it has a certain merit, although he is a bit vague about this.

"I think it's... ah... nice to fool people... mmm..." Johnston has a habit of letting these observations trail into a soft humming sound.

Recalling the days he was with Barnum and Bailey, Johnston says, "Our circus freaks were the real thing. They were just poor unfortunate people. The fat lady was overweight, the tall man had pituitary gland trouble." He recalls, too, rather enviously, that Barnum and Bailey had a real two-headed man. The second head was a freak of nature; small and dormant, it grew from the top of the man's normal skull.

Johnston's hobbies have got him into trouble on occasion. One night, in the back yard of his house on Toronto's Wellesley St., which runs into a graveyard, he was tugging and twisting in a frenzy of creative inspiration at a mummy that was too big to get onto his workbench. He was spotted by horrified neighbors, who quickly phoned the police and reported him as a ghoul.

"Crazy people," Archie shrugs. ★

NEXT ISSUE

The Prolific Southams

By PIERRE BERTON

There have been 104 Southams since William Southam, Sr., founded Canada's most prolific newspaper dynasty. Today this highly individualistic, sometimes eccentric family group controls seven Canadian daily papers, three radio stations and two huge printing plants. Don't miss this new series.

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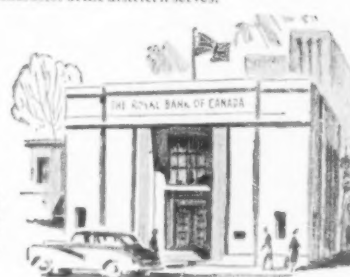
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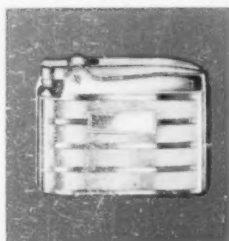
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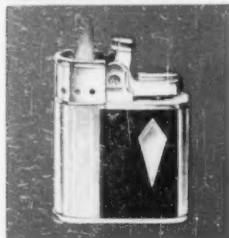
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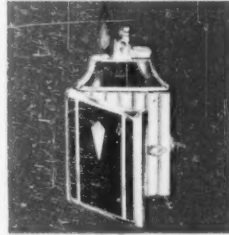
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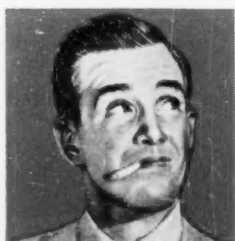
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RONSON Art Metal Works (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

The Spoof That Swept a Continent

Continued from page 22

monkeys," he called the Princetonians. "They are too yellow to go to war. They will never be veterans of a future war."

We shall see how good Van Zandt was as a prophet.

This was 1936, when the great wave of pacifism that finally erupted two years later in the Munich pact, was slowly rising. The VFW jape was in no sense a pacifist movement but it twanged so powerfully on the imagination that everybody— isolationists, Communists, columnists and reactionaries wanted to get in on the act.

Within two days of the announcement there were Future Vet chapters in 19 colleges and, in four days, 70 chapters. On the seventh day the organizers stopped their clipping service after going broke paying for the bales of newspaper stories arriving at the national headquarters.

Benjamin C. O'Sullivan was appointed adjutant of the Gold Star Mothers of Future Wars, the feminine auxiliary, devoted to getting the government to send girls to Europe to gaze on the future graves of their unborn sons. Complaints from real "gold star mothers" led to changing the girls' club to the Home Fire Division.

In two weeks there were 125 VFW chapters, from the Yale Divinity School to the University of Manitoba. At the City College of New York there was formed the Association of Foreign Correspondents of Future Wars, demanding government training in writing atrocity stories. The Profiteers of Future Wars yelled for fat munitions contracts, and the Future Gold Diggers formed among girls prepared to sit on the profiteers' laps and drink champagne. There was also the Chaplains of Future Wars.

At the University of Toronto Gerald Anglin headed the Future Vets. Now an assistant editor of Maclean's he remembers that Oliva Dionne was the honorary president and that the boys pleaded with the university to waive final exams that spring for "those about to die for their country."

A Joke Snowballs

The Princeton VFW began like many another undergraduate hoax, in a bull session. Lewis Gorin, Jack Turner Archie Lewis and Pete Rushton were talking politics one night after dinner in the Terrace eating club. They thought the \$2 billions Congress had recently voted for veteran bonuses was bad. Either Gorin or Turner remarked that bonuses should be paid before wars so the future victims could enjoy the dough.

The joke started an uproar in the dining room; others gathered around, topping the gag. Who coined the fateful name Veterans of Future Wars none can remember, but before the evening was out they had founded the outfit, distributed grandiose titles among themselves and held a mock national council meeting.

The fun might have ended at bedtime, except for Penn T. Kimball II, who published on the front page of the Daily Princetonian, the original appeal of the Veterans of Future Wars. Robert G. Barnes sent off stories to the Associated Press and the United Press, of which he was the campus correspondent on space rates. That got it rolling.

Texas Congressman Maury Maverick offered to introduce the Princeton

bonus bill in Congress. Letters flooded into headquarters, sending money, opinions, charter applications, and denunciations.

A March of Time crew came down to Princeton during the spring holidays and made a film about the Veterans of Future Wars. Feature writers streamed into the headquarters and quizzed the leaders. The boys answered all questions with a straight face and refused to admit the organization was a joke.

While working 12 hours a day in headquarters the leaders were also supposed to be writing their graduation theses. Gorin's political science professor said he might submit a study of the Future Vets; the thesis was delivered in the form of a book published by Lippincott's called "Patriotism Prepaid," by Lewis Gorin, Jr., a little number he had run up during the excitement.

It was springtime in Princeton and, while weighty editorialists were debating the meaning of the VFW, the headquarters minutes included entries such as, "The meeting was adjourned to the Nassau Inn to look for the rest of the national council."

A Treasury Raid Was Plotted

On April 6, 1936, three weeks after the spoof started, students throughout the continent observed the anniversary date of U. S. entrance in World War I by holding their annual antiwar strikes. The papers reported, "On many campuses uniformed units of the Veterans of Future Wars marched to denounce the armament race and military conscription." The New York Times noted that "Gorin had intended merely to satirize the bonus lobby but on scores of campuses the more serious students turned the movement into peace propaganda." Future Vets participating in the antiwar strike at the University of Kansas were tear-gassed. The joke was becoming serious.

By the time of the first VFW national convention in May there were 480 chapters with 50,000 members. The convention was held in the Gold Room of the Beekman Hotel on Park Avenue, N.Y.C., under the gavel of R. Stuyvesant Pierrepont, commander of the N.Y. chapter. The conjunction of "Gold Room," "Park Avenue" and "R. Stuyvesant Pierrepont" led to fresh charges that the boys were creatures of big business.

The convention was a schoolboy romp which enacted nothing more sinister than another hoax. Engraved invitations were sent to 250 prominent citizens, inviting them to a March on Washington in June to "raid the treasury and disburse the bonus. Dancing in the streets. RSVP. Formal."

That was the last of the Veterans of Future Wars. Graduation and the summer holidays, the inevitable victors over American student crusades, put an end to the weakening jest. In the following October national headquarters revoked 500 post charters and announced the dropping of the bonus agitation. The given reason was irrelevant—"on account of the Presidential election." The corporation was dissolved with an adverse bank balance of 44 cents.

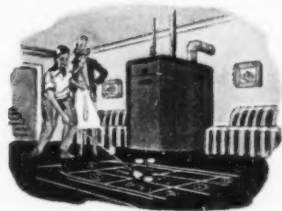
What became of the 13 bright young men of Princeton who Van Zandt said were "too yellow to fight" and would "never be veterans of a future war"?

Ex-National Commander Lewis J. Gorin, Jr., graduated in June, 1936. He entered Harvard Law School in the fall, passed the bar and hung his shingle in Louisville, Ky., his home town. In 1940 he joined the Army. He fought in North Africa, Italy, France, Austria and Germany, and emerged as an

Continued on page 38

Helpful Hints

on HOME HEATING



Nothing in the home is more important to family health and comfort than an efficient heating system. Every home owner is interested in getting the greatest possible return from this essential investment. Some suggestions as to ways and means are presented here. Your plumbing and heating contractor can advise you how these and similar ideas may best be applied to your particular system.

DEFINITIONS—First to define a few terms: The commonly-used word, "furnace" is technically correct when applied to a "Warm Air Furnace", but with a hot water system (the one generally recommended), the so-called "furnace" is really a "Hot Water Boiler".

There are three basic methods of firing. *Hand-firing* refers, of course, to the time-honoured method of shovelling coal by hand. You get *mechanical operation* when you use a stoker. *Fully automatic operation* can be obtained with an oil or gas system.

RADIATION—Many types of radiators are available for your selection.



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CONVERTIBILITY—It is always wise to have a heating system that can be converted from one method of firing to another and from one type of fuel to another. The advantages are obvious to all who recall the difficulties encountered when certain types of fuel were temporarily unavailable. All Crane hot water boilers are convertible.

LOCAL STOPS—It pays, too, to have Local Stops (shut-off valves) on each radiator. Then you can regulate the heat in any particular room as desired without affecting the rest of the house. In this connection it should be noted that it is not necessary to remove the housing from Radiant Baseboard Panel in order to regulate their valves. They are regulated by a foot-operated lever through the enclosure.



"JUNIOR"—Many still consider that hot water heating is only for the more elaborate homes. Not so. Even the smallest, low-cost homes can now enjoy its advantages. The increasingly popular "Viking Junior" has made this possible. It has all the features of the big hot water boilers, can be used in homes without basements, and since it requires only 42 inches headroom, it can also be installed in low ceiling cellars.

DRAINING—There is a common misconception that the heating system should be drained off every Spring to get rid of the dirty water. This is not only unnecessary, it can also be injurious to the system—because when the

system is refilled, new oxides are introduced which set up a new accumulation of rust in the boiler and piping. (NOTE: It IS desirable to drain off the domestic hot water storage tank.)

DOMESTIC HOT WATER—Surprising though it may seem, it is now possible to have an abundant supply of domestic hot water *without* having a storage tank. All who have had trouble with a leaky tank will be particularly appreciative of the new "BILTIN" tankless instantaneous coil. It is one of the features of the Viking 4700 Oil-Burning Boiler.

INFORMATION—Many booklets and folders on various aspects of home heating are now available. You will find them valuable helps whenever you are planning to install a new system or modernize the old. Among Crane



publications, for example, are:
ADM-4607—How to select the right heating system for the home.
ADM-8005—New Warden King Oil

Burner No. 4700 Series.

ADM-9002—Viking Junior Hot Water Boiler.

ADM-9008—Facts to Know about Warden King Concealed Radiation.

ADM-9013—Facts to Know about Pressure Atomizing Oil Burners.

ADM-9003—Cast Iron Radiation.

ADM-9009—Radiant Baseboard Heating.

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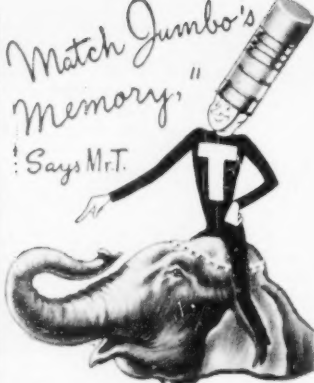
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Sani-Flush

USE
TWICE A
WEEK



Continued from page 36
artillery major with the Bronze Star. He's now special assistant to the vice-president of the Reynolds Metals Co.

The national secretary, John Coburn Turner, had a tough time. Two days after he graduated from Princeton his spine was broken in a motor crash. He was in bed for three years, paralyzed from the waist down. While undergoing the physical therapy which has partially restored the use of his legs Turner listened to the radio, then chugged away on his wheel chair to the Washington Post, where he became a radio critic. In 1942 he switched to radio-script writing. Today Turner is the radio- and television-script chief for the American Broadcasting Company network in Radio City, N.Y.

He Worked With Wallace

U. J. P. ("Pete") Rushton, a lanky drawing Alabaman, contributed some of the sharpest turns to the jest as commander of the southern region. He originated a celebrated stunt for use on patriotic tag days. As the buddy poppy salesman stood on street corners Rushton stationed pretty girls next to them selling poppy seeds. Rushton joined the Navy, where he taught aerial navigation and served as flight navigator on the trans-Pacific runs of the Navy Air Transport Command. After the war he joined the English literature faculty of the University of Virginia. He died of cancer the day after Christmas 1949.

Penn T. Kimball II, who published the original manifesto, made the Princeton honors list and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. He spent two years at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar and became a reporter on the late New York daily PM in 1939. He served as a combat correspondent with the Marines in the South Pacific, with five battle stars for assault landings and engagements. After the war he worked for Time magazine, and then for the New Republic during the editorship of Henry A. Wallace. Kimball is now a senator's secretary in Washington.

The national treasurer of the VFW, Thomas Riggs, Jr., is the son of a former governor of Alaska. Riggs served in the Mediterranean area with the U. S. First Armored Division, advancing from private to first lieutenant by field promotions. He is now an English instructor at Princeton.

Robert G. Barnes, the press agent, spent nearly four years in the U. S. infantry. He is now on the intelligence staff of the State Department in Washington.

Alexander Black, Jr., of Pittsburgh, is now a lawyer in that city. As an officer on the light cruiser San Diego he was in 14 engagements from Guadalcanal to Tokyo.

Richard D. Waters, another member of the national council, was also a naval officer in the Pacific. He is now an executive with Vick Chemical in New York.

Spoofers Are Sobersides Today

William P. S. Breese, regional commander for the southwest, was an artillery officer in Europe, and founder Arthur S. Grenier was a second lieutenant in the Army. Both are now lawyers, in Texas and New York respectively.

Benjamin C. O'Sullivan, the adjutant of the girls' auxiliary, was an infantry officer in Europe and is today a lawyer in Washington.

Regional commander for the far west, Archibald R. Lewis, won the Bronze Star as an artillery major in Europe. He is now a history instructor at the University of South Carolina.

Football star John Paul Jones, commander of the Great Lakes district, was exempted from military service at the request of his employer, the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co. of Youngstown, O.

The man who predicted they would never fight is now the Hon. James E. Van Zandt, Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania. Van Zandt is a Navy veteran of both World Wars. His burlesque antagonists are silenced and scattered, but the Hon. Jimmy is still plugging the old tune. He is a leading advocate of a bonus for World War II veterans.

So the schoolboy jokesters, whom many thought were perilous pacifists, are today sober conservative citizens. Their average income is around \$10,000.

Eleven of the 13 served in the armed forces: seven in the Army, three in the Navy and one in the Marines. They were all discharged as officers. They saw more than their share of action and they haven't changed their minds about soldier bonuses.

Quite a few state governments throughout the U. S. are already paying World War II bonuses, ranging from \$50 to \$500. Thomas Riggs voted against a bonus in New Jersey in the referendum which defeated the bonus proposal last year. Lewis Gorin is still against vet bonuses. When asked recently if he would accept one if offered to him, he said, "Well, I wouldn't refuse it. But I'm against them. And I certainly won't work for bonus legislation."

Gorin is now 36 and has gained 20 pounds since leaving Princeton. His thick dark hair is tinged with grey. He is married, has two children, and lives in a \$20,000-house neighborhood outside the industrial smog belt of Louisville, in Kentucky.

No Revival—Joke Over

Gorin feels that "there seems to be just as much need today for the Veterans of Future Wars as there was then. There is much pressure for another nation-wide bonus. A new group could ridicule the bonus just as we did in 1936." But Gorin himself wants nothing to do with reorganizing the outfit.

Thomas Riggs says, "I do not think the VFW should be revived. Joke over."

The mature Gorin's greatest extra-curricular activity today is Federal Union, Inc.; he goes around making speeches for a union of democratic nations. Gorin feels that in 1950 there is not the hopeless drift to war there was in 1936. "A year or so ago I thought there was a danger of war, but now I don't see a war in the near future," he says.

Jack Turner eased himself from his desk to a wheelchair to scoot off to a staff meeting at American Broadcasting and chuckled, "It's funny how our old joke won't die." Turner has gathered the national office records, clipping files, correspondence and photos of the FVW and presented them to the Princeton Library as the archive of that exciting depression-time spring when the Terrace Club pranksters needed the conscience of the world.

The late Pete Rushton best described the attitude of the Veterans of Future Wars after they had experienced the future war. "If another Veterans of Future Wars were started today, and there seems to be considerable reason for some such organization, they would have another reason for asking an advance payment of a bonus," he said. "After the next war, if one comes, there not only will not be anybody to collect the bonus, there won't be anybody to pay it." ★

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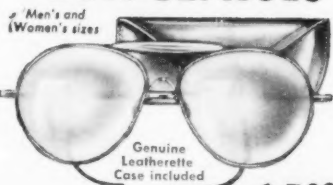
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The Hammer and Van Sickle

Continued from page 5

Sickles adventured in oil from Canada to the Persian Gulf. It was grandfather Van Sickle, a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists, who first dipped a finger in the magic crude. His people had settled on rich farmland on the Niagara Peninsula. That's where they were peacefully growing crops when word spread from Pennsylvania that an E. L. Drake had done something about the smelly oil seepages which were to be seen at various places on the continent. In 1859 Drake had a single oil well which produced 25 barrels a day. A refinery had been built, where the crude was "cooked" into "kerosene" which was said to burn in lamps almost as well as whale oil. What was more important, the thick residue after the lamp oil and something even more volatile called benzine were cooked away was rich, costly axle grease far superior to animal fats for wagon wheels and machines.

A Canadian Born in Campina

In Lambton County were pools and streams discolored with the same black seepages. If it was worth money that was interesting news. No one was more interested than Grandfather Van Sickle. He scouted around the sections which were later named Oil Springs, Oil City and Petrolia, then mortgaged the Niagara farm to take an option on some land in Petrolia.

By 1885 Ontario oil was already past its peak. But all over the world oil-conscious people and governments were looking for men who knew how to drill for the stuff. Only a few had practical experience to match that of the Lambton Canadians.

Richard Van Sickle's father set out for Poland where Petrolia boys—Scotts, McGarveys, Keiths and others—had struck it rich. He stopped off in London to marry Florence Keith. After bringing in European wells he joined one of the Keiths in Australia where they sank water wells for Queensland sheepmen.

He soon returned to Europe and settled for a job in the then flourishing fields at Campina, Romania. Here, in 1900, Richard Keith was born, a Canadian far from home.

Keith Van Sickle isn't too sure today just where home is. He lives in Vienna, in a British zone apartment shared with a friend. His wife and son live in London on the premise that the boy should remain in school and maybe operations in Austria might collapse of political causes. His principal business and social life are in a block-square floor of offices in Vienna's international zone. From this office he generals his endless economic war with the Russians, administers the 200 workers who bring oil from the 80 producing wells on Van Sickle property.

Van Sickle is a handsome man recently described by a visiting woman journalist as having "a Herbert Marshall build and a Gary Cooper mouth." Instead of a winter overcoat he wears a short fur-lined jacket presenting a slightly dashing air which is accentuated by his pork-pie, Bavarian-type hat. He is well known in Vienna and his progress down any street is slow as people stop and talk to him.

His office, in an old building on Freyung Square, occupies a whole floor, 27 rooms. The office is in the only Viennese building which has oil heating. Everywhere else in the city offices are heated by stoves.

Van Sickle's personal high-ceilinged

office is cluttered with models of oil derricks, the walls are lined with maps. There are comfortable chairs around a coffee table which gives the place the air of a living room rather than a business establishment. Here Van Sickle offers his guests coffee topped with whipped cream, Viennese style. Here Frau Elfie Krasa, a Van Sickle director, will serve a favored guest some of her apple strudel.

Beyond the office is a paneled boardroom sometimes used for formal dinners. Beyond that again, at the far end of the office flat, is a sitting room with a bar equipped with every known drink, including a well-known brand of Canadian ginger ale.

When Keith Van Sickle was 10 his father and Henry Drader sold their rich wells near the Ploesti field to Henri Deterding, who went on to build his fabulous Shell Oil empire. Keith remembers his father paying off Romanian peasants their royalties from a big stack of minted gold on a table in front of the field office at Moreni; the peasants didn't trust paper money.

Back went the Van Sickle to Petrolia, Ont., and Keith was sent to Greenfield School, Hamilton. Van Sickle, senior, lost money in bad gold mines and the family soon returned to Europe. Keith was dropped off at Orleton School, in Yorkshire, England, in 1912; he ended up at Cambridge University with a Master of Science degree.

There was never the slightest doubt in the youngest Van Sickle's mind that he'd follow in the oily trail of his father and grandfather. He went right from college to a job with old Henry Drader in Romania. He was a driller and then a tool pusher. He was well paid and saved his money, always watching for the chance to go prospecting on his own. He bought his own drilling rig, hired his own crew and went "contracting."

By 1932 young Keith had found good oil near Guara Ocnitei, in Romania, but his funds ran out. In 1934 he read of oil strikes in Lower Austria, studied maps for days till he spotted a single available block. The owner of that block was a real-estate speculator named Fred Musil. He didn't know oil. But he had bought the land for oil speculation. Van Sickle had no money, but plenty of nerve and an honest and determined manner.

\$1 Million in Profits Vanished

He found oil in the very first of 90 wells sunk to date on Van Sickle land, and it's still producing. The Van Sickle wells made history as the most westerly major oil-producing area on the European continent. And they helped the German war effort far more than Van Sickle wished.

In August of 1939 a British consul urged Van Sickle to pack and go. He entered Switzerland with car, camera and a small suitcase of clothes—all he had to show for his Austrian career. His home, offices, oil fields, bank accounts and half a million dollars' worth of drilling and pumping equipment were in enemy hands two days later when war was declared. They were administered by the Nazi Enemy Property Office which kept scrupulous accounts of what the fields earned during the war—almost \$1 million clear. Not one penny of this was to be found after VE-Day.

"It wasn't easy for a man of my age to get into the Army," Van Sickle recalls. "But someone in the British War Office remembered a deep-well driller had been looking for a job and they needed water in the Western Desert in the campaign against Rommel."

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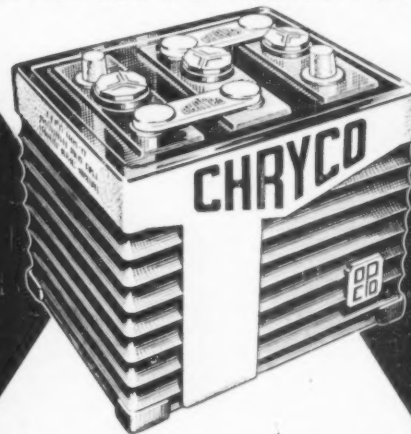


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Van Sickle takes special pride in having found water at places where the Germans had drilled before him and given up.

In 1943 he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and sent as oil attaché to Bagdad and Teheran where he watched over the production and shipment of 4 million tons a year of Lend-Lease oil. As a sideline he worked with a secret group of oil experts studying Nazi oil supplies. Their information helped guide Allied bombers in raids on oilfields.

It was not until August 1945 that the

Russians allowed the British, French and Americans to join them in quartering Vienna into occupation zones and it wasn't until December of that year that Van Sickle got his superiors to agree on a Vienna stopover while he was on a last mission to Borneo for the Oil Ministry.

He flew into the badly plastered Schwechat airport, motored into town through miles of desolation, and quartered at the Sacher Hotel, playground of Hapsburg archdukes and now a British VIP hostelry.

Next day Van Sickle sought out

his old firm's offices. Nothing there but a pile of bricks and twisted steel. He asked oil people.

"The Van Sickle firm?" they said. "Oh yes. It still exists. Run by a woman, Frau Krassa. She's a terror. But she's handling the Russians."

That was good news to Van Sickle. Elfriede Krassa had been his secretary and office manager; she had promised to watch out for his interests when he had fled in 1939. But he had not heard from her since and supposed she, too, had fled or been arrested. He later learned Elfie hadn't written simply be-

cause it was safer to pretend she wasn't loyal to Van Sickle.

After the Russians arrived Frau Krassa had battled her way out to the oil fields over battered railway lines and highways. With blood in her eye and a length of lead pipe in her hand she by-passed Red Army guards right into her ex-boss' property to see what was what. Much of the tools and equipment had already been shipped to Russia. She found the Van Sickle employees unpaid, mistrustful after their experiences with the Nazis and pretty unhappy about the rough treatment the Russians had given them. She found a Russian major in charge, swaggering about in Van Sickle cars, occupying a Van Sickle field manager's house and office and stuffing his pockets with Van Sickle money.

Elfie laid down the law to him and the workers. The wells would be put back into production, at once. Idleness would give them a chance to sand up and might take much money and time to cure. The production would be carefully tallied to Van Sickle's account. It was, too.

By the time Van Sickle arrived in Vienna he had thousands of tons of oil to his credit. Even the Soviet conquerors agreed they owed him money for it. The grateful Van Sickle made Elfie Krassa a director.

Now the No. 1 problem was how to get the Russians to pay up.

A Showdown With the Soviet

During that first 1945 visit to Austria Keith Van Sickle lay low as far as the Russians were concerned. Still in British uniform he felt he wasn't free to move ahead on private affairs. But in the summer of 1946 he was back in mufti and full of fight for the millions owed him and the potential millions his property will produce. And he's winning that fight.

If Austria stays outside Communist rule Van Sickle will have established the rights of Allied property holders in conquered territories in a sense that goes far beyond his own personal interests. His stand has saved English, American and other United Nations firms and individuals from expropriation on the usual Soviet assumption that any property held during Hitler's regime by the Nazis was *per se* "German assets" belonging to the Soviet Union under the Potsdam Agreement.

This has been neither easy nor without danger. For his first months in Vienna Van Sickle stayed away from the actual oil fields and saw no Russians. He set up his offices in the international zone.

At first, with the Russians sitting tight on all his funds and surrendering no income, Van Sickle financed his office staff and overhead by smuggling occasional truckloads of his own gasoline into town and selling them on the black market. He gave the Russians no chance to refuse him permission to go to his own fields. Frau Elfie and some trusted field men took care of his interests there.

The first showdown came when a Soviet controller from Zistersdorf drove a Van Sickle car he had "borrowed" into Vienna, parked it outside the building where both Van Sickle and the Russians had separate offices for the same firm. The Canadian simply went downstairs, drove the "borrowed" car into his own garage and locked it up. The Russians did not ask directly for the return of the auto. But several days later came the summons Van Sickle wanted. Mikhail Rabunin, the Soviet boss of the company Moscow had set up to exploit Austrian oil, invited Van Sickle to a meeting.

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When Van Sickle entered the conference room Rabunin, a civilian, was absent. Instead there were 12 grim Soviet officers, headed by Col. Yagorov who had directed the plundering of the Zistersdorf fields. The greetings were Asiatically polite.

"Have you heard of me?" asked Yagorov.

"Of course I have," replied Van Sickle. "Nothing good either. Have you heard of me?"

The first issue was the car. "It's mine and I don't intend to return it," said Van Sickle. "If your man has an accident in it I'm the one who'll be held responsible."

"Suppose we insist on having the car back?" they asked.

By now the Van Sickle dander was up. It's hard to get anger through an interpreter, but Van Sickle managed. "Remind Col. Yagorov that he's in charge and can do as he likes if he does it by force. And while we're on the subject of force I'm fed up with the rudeness and thieving of the 'gallant Red Army' on my property. And why don't you pay the money you owe me and have been promising for months? Is that Soviet honor? And give me the permits you've promised to visit my wells. Your promises aren't worth a damn."

"That floored them," Van Sickle recalls. "Probably no one ever talked to them that way. We parted politely. But nothing happened for quite a while. Then just on the eve of the conversion of German marks into Austrian schillings they suddenly called me to the Russian Military Bank and gave me a bundle of cash. They thought it would be too late for me to change it, but they would have discharged part of their debt. I got the marks changed anyway. I think it increased their respect for me."

The Reds still didn't come through with a pass for Van Sickle to visit their zone and his wells. But in early 1948 Rabunin invited him to a joint inspection trip.

"When I got back I sat down and wrote a pretty brutal letter," the man from Petrolia says. "I listed all the

property and oil they had stolen and demanded compensation for it—about two million dollars worth. But what really got under their skins was that I told them in great detail how they were mismanaging my field, working the wells without thought for their future and spoiling their capacity by over-production. And I told Rabunin I was sending a copy of the letter to his boss, the Russian High Commissioner and to all the Allied chiefs in Austria. That hurt their pride.

"In a few days they sent me Pass No. 1 to the Van Sickle properties and transferred control and management back to me. I've been running my own show ever since. But I have to sell the oil to them and they pay me what they please, which is currently about 40% of the world price and even a smaller percentage of what they sell my oil for. But that's more than anyone else in my spot has gotten out of the Russians. It's an incentive to fight for more."

Now Van Sickle's in the midst of another hot exchange with the Soviet oil authorities. They asked him in an angry letter to explain why his field's output wasn't maintained at a minimum of 170 tons a day, a figure he considers too high for the field's welfare. He lashed back with an equally hot letter: "I cannot see what possible interest the amount of production on my lease has to you . . . you have no right to dispose of my crude oil and to control my field . . . as you must surely be aware, I am an Allied national and my business has nothing remotely to do with German assets."

Keith Van Sickle comes daily to his Vienna office and maps his own personal cold war to get complete control of his own property. The seven crude-oil samples which decorate his desk are, he is sure, approximately the same stuff that flows in the veins of all true sons of Petrolia, Ont. He means to fight Communism to a standstill, at least as far as Van Sickle interests are concerned.

Whoever wins in the long run, it seems unlikely that Van Sickle will stop trying. ★

Country Minister

Continued from page 13

places." This means that for every preacher there are about three churches. Currey has had as many as six churches to attend every Sunday; his sister, the Rev. Erla Currey, preached seven sermons in seven different churches every Sunday for a year. Right now the church is short 425 ministers, but enrollments in the theological colleges are picking up after a steady wartime decline.

Reason Rather Than Rhetoric

One-pulpit charges are rare plums often secured with the same amount of diplomacy as is required to elevate a vice-president. Ministers are employed like anyone else; members of a church board who are dissatisfied with their minister or who desire a change shop around in other churches listening to the sermons and sizing up the minister's personality. The minister, in turn, can send feelers out to other churches that when they want a new minister he would like to be considered.

When he has accepted a call a minister stays until he or the congregation wants a change—perhaps a year, perhaps a lifetime. Some ministers, including Currey, feel bound by a

tradition stemming from the Methodist Church that a pastor should stay four years on a job.

Currey has received several better-paying offers but he will stay at Victoria Square until his four-year term elapses this summer. Then he will go to a one-pulpit charge in Acton, Ont.

Currey's present three-point circuit (in ecclesiastical jargon "point" is the abbreviation for appointment) comprises Victoria Square, Brown's Corners and Hedford, all villages within three or four miles of one another in the rich farming belt just north of Toronto.

Victoria Square has the largest of the three churches and the minister's seven-room brick house is next to it. Brown's Corners has the largest congregation, about 100, Victoria Square is next with 80 and Hedford trails with 40.

Currey gives them all the same sermon, but since each church has a different personality he varies his style of delivery. His arguments are calm and reasonable, rather than filled with thunderous Biblical references.

Men differ in their interpretation of God's personality; some think of Him as ethereal and regal. This notion annoys Currey. He says hotly, "If God means anything, He means everything. The significance of the resurrection is that God is a warm, loving, idealistic person. He's what we called

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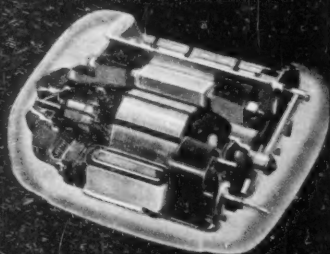


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in the Army a 'morale booster' and then some."

Currey's electrical equipment, which made the rewiring of his churches necessary, is not used as a gambit to pack meetings of the Women's Association or the Women's Missionary Society. His tape recorder, which he bought with his war gratuities, goes right into the church Sunday mornings where it is plugged in beside the pulpit.

On Saturday afternoons Currey sits down in his cluttered upstairs study and composes a children's story on the recorder. He enlivens it with harmonica and autoharp music. He clocks this effort at five to eight minutes, closes with a prayer and stores the tape away with his sermon notes.

The next morning in church he waits until almost halfway through the service, when children often show signs of restlessness, then announces "children's Bible story time." He flips the tape recorder switch and sits down behind the pulpit to arrange his thoughts on the sermon. The children sit still as the minister's heavy, penetrating voice tells them of children whose faith was rewarded.

One of Currey's most ingenious uses of his tape recorder is for visiting the sick and aged. "I got tired of being interrupted. So now I put everything I want to say on the tape recorder beforehand, plus some inspirational music, set it beside the bed and turn it on. They can't interrupt and they have to pay attention. When it's over we can chat about other things, but I know I've made my contribution as a minister."

None of the Spirit Is Lost . . .

On Good Friday of 1949 Currey had some of his laymen gather up all the old people of the parish who were too weak or crippled to come to church and had them brought to the home of a bedridden arthritic. He appointed an elder to distribute the communion at the same moment the congregation was observing Holy Communion in the church. Currey, an excellent electrician, rigged up a cable from a microphone at his pulpit to a loudspeaker in the home. The old people, some of whom had been unable to attend communion for 20 years, were deeply moved.

For old friends too feeble to visit one another Currey records messages and chatter and takes it from one to the other. When farmers are going to miss a Farm Forum broadcast he records the broadcast and they visit his home to listen to it. He also rehearses weddings, goes over the responses with the prospective bride and groom and plays it back for them. Sometimes he visits other ministers, records their sermons and plays them for his own flock.

Currey sets off on a Sunday morning soon after 9 with his wife—"she hears all my sermons three times, shows real endurance"—his bulky tape recorder and Moffatt's Modern Language Bible, a translation of the original documents into modern, idiomatic English which is often used in the United Church. Currey feels that none of the spirit is lost and much of the meaning is made clearer in the translation of "Jesus sayeth unto . . ." to "Jesus said to . . ."

His sermon isn't prepared except for six or seven subtitles and a few references as a guide. On the other hand his prayers, which most ministers compose as they go along, are meticulously written beforehand and partly memorized.

He carries about 300 copies of a church bulletin, the Weekly Calendar

which he edits, mimeographs and folds. It contains such items as "Sparks from the Minister's Anvil" and reports on W. A. meetings, but nowhere a mention of the minister's name or church officers. "No advertising," grins Currey.

He is supposed to open the service at Hedford at 10 o'clock but it usually starts a little late and he has to get to Brown's Corners in time for the 11:30 service and a visit to the Sunday school.

At Brown's Corners the congregation flows over onto chairs in the aisles and at the back of the church. The service takes about two hours, complete with handshaking and breezy conversation.

Currey and his wife drive home for sandwiches and tea and at 2.30 he opens the service at Victoria Square. He conducts only one Sunday evening service, and this rotates around his three pulpits.

The Path of the Pathfinders

All of this pays Currey the United Church minimum wage, \$2,200 a year. He is supplied with a home, but he heats and pays for its utilities himself. His food costs more in country stores than it would in city supermarkets. Yet he has a 1949 model car and sends his only child, 14-year-old Loretta, to a private school in Whitby.

"No one," he says with feeling, "puts up as good a front on as little as the rural Protestant minister. He is paid less than a city minister and his expenses are higher. We skimp on food and clothes and I know a lot of people wonder how in the world we manage. Sometimes we wonder ourselves."

Currey is familiar with poverty and grief, fear and loneliness. If he weren't his perpetual good humor would be hard to tolerate. "I take the long view," he smiles. "I don't rely on pie in the sky, but I've discovered in my time that things generally work out."

Currey's time began 41 years ago on a 130-acre farm near Newmarket, Ont. He was one of three children (all boys) of an Anglican mother and a Methodist father and attended both churches. His family was known for its zealous devotion to education.

Some boys young Elridge admired in high school belonged to a Methodist Sunday-school class that was the envy of the school and Currey joined. The 30 teen-aged members called themselves the Pathfinders. They were led first by a young man named Arnold Mollenhaeur and then by the minister, Rev. J. C. Cochrane, a red-headed Scotsman who shouted and hammered and played a harmonica in his pulpit.

Cochrane took the Pathfinders to the movies, organized softball games, slipping in a casual word for the Lord here and there. The Pathfinders are still friends, still have annual reunions.

In the spring of 1927, when Currey was 18, he underwent an emergency appendectomy and while recuperating considered his future. He found himself thinking about some remarkable colored slides Cochrane had shown around Easter time. He decided he would be a minister.

"When I told the high-school principal about my decision he suggested that we keep it quiet, not tell the rest of the school," Mr. Currey says disgustedly. "I was indignant. I told the rest of the class and it didn't make the slightest difference. I never was a sissy anyway."

He obtained a post as student missionary in Alberta, a typical assignment for an embryo minister whose ardor the church wishes to test. He went to Cadogan, Alta., to discover that he had six churches in a 50-mile circuit. His transportation was a semiwild cow

Continued on page 44



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Continued from page 42

pony which was cut out of a herd for him about 50 miles from his boarding-house. "The cowboy helped me climb on and then waved good-by," recalls Currey sorrowfully. "I got home after dark in a most painful condition. I had 45 mosquito bites on one knee alone."

Six months and 2,000 miles in the saddle later Currey was a good rider. He even grew fond of his horse. "I called him Snort," he remembers. "He'd answer me when I spoke to him. Never found another horse that would do that."

Bad Winter at Iron Bridge

In the time he was in the West Currey became a pretty good preacher. "One thing I learned was that people love to sing, so I gave them lots of hymns and whooped up the tenor. Music creates a fervor that will cover a multitude of errors."

On his return east he started at Victoria College, University of Toronto, on his arts degree. A United Church minister cannot go directly from high school to theological college; he must first complete a university arts course.

Times were tough for the Curreys but the family wouldn't hear of Elridge or his sister Erla, quitting college. He helped finance his education by going to Muskoka, a resort area about 200 miles north of Toronto, every Saturday night, sleeping the few hours left before dawn and then conducting services in four rural churches in the district. For this he received \$7.

He graduated in 1931 from Victoria College and three years later received his degree in theology from Emmanuel College on the U. of T. campus. Nowadays a newly graduated minister can scout around for a job, but in 1934 a United Church regulation was that each new minister serve two years in a location selected by the church. This generally meant the poorer parsonages. Currey drew one of those at Iron Bridge, north of Lake Huron, at \$900 a year.

He took with him a beautiful bride, the former Vera McLeod, whom he had met at Colborne Inlet, on Lake Huron.

The winter was terrible at Iron Bridge and his wife grew ill. When their daughter Loretta was born the doctors told Currey his wife had chronic nephritis and could live no more than five years.

The Curreys went back to Iron Bridge for a year to finish his apprenticeship and then he was free to accept his first offer of a job or "call" as the church terms it, at Gore Bay, on Manitoulin Island, for \$1,200 a year.

Vera Currey fulfilled her duties as a minister's wife, baked and sewed, attended socials and raised their daughter until the month before the

five years the doctors had allotted her, when she took to her bed and died.

People have asked Currey if this tragedy didn't lessen his estimation of the Lord's justice and he is always astonished that people can ask such a shallow question. "I felt fortunate," he says sincerely, "that as a minister I had greater resources to fall back on than most people."

Currey's next call was at Thornhill, north of Toronto, a one-pulpit appointment. His mother, then widowed, and his sister, then a deaconess in the church, came to live with him and care for his daughter. His services attracted people who hadn't been to church in years, particularly the evening ones during which he invited questions from the pews.

In 1942 he joined the Army, trained briefly at Camp Borden and then at Aldershot, England, from where he was posted to the Winnipeg Rifles. With that regiment he saw the fighting at Caen and Falaise.

"I came to grip with realities," he says. "Some ministers fell by the wayside but what held me steady was my bitter acquaintance with sorrow." When Padre Currey was offered a drink by the men of the regiment he cheerfully asked for a soft drink and refrained from delivering a short speech on temperance. "I figured a good example would speak louder than anything I could compose."

Religion on the Upswing

Currey often recalls the terrific strain on an infantryman's nerves. He sometimes wakes up at night soaked with sweat after a dream in which he saw again parts of men's bodies on battlefields and the land-mined fields he had to cross.

While overseas he met a gentle nursing sister, Doris Boddy, of Oshawa. They were still in uniform in 1946 when Erla Currey, one of the church's few woman ministers, came from Saskatchewan to marry them in the Victoria Square church.

Currey is aware that although 2,200,000 Canadians told the last census taker that they were members of the United Church only 800,000 actually belong. "Religion is on the upswing now though," he claims. "More people are thinking in terms of Christian principles, not evangelically but deep within themselves. The fact that industrial concerns are hiring chaplains is an indication of the trend."

Like many young ministers of both branches of the faith Currey is eager for the day when the Church of England in Canada and the United Church will unite. "It took 20 years to solve the difficulties and establish our United Church and they've only been working on this larger union for four years," he says. "Give us time; it has got to come." With men like Currey in the ministry anything seems possible. ★



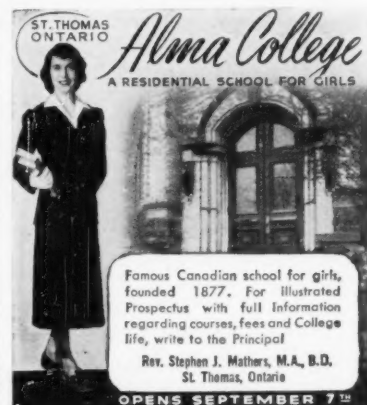
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Prospectus with full information
regarding courses, fees and College
life, write to the Principal
Rev. Stephen J. Mathers, M.A., B.D.,
St. Thomas, Ontario
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FOR 101 EVERYDAY USES**

Look for the trademark "Vaseline"—it is your guarantee of the highest quality petroleum jelly. Jars 15¢, 20¢, 30¢. Tubes 20¢, 25¢, 30¢.

NEXT ISSUE

He Likes to Fight with His Wife

Those marriage counselors who listen with alarm when a man has a normal lively tiff with his wife had better stay away from the vine-covered cottage of Robert Thomas Allen. No matter what the marriage mechanics say he thinks an occasional quarrel helps to keep a marriage from going stale.

IN MACLEAN'S JUNE 15

ON SALE JUNE 9

NAUSEA



If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

It quiets the nerves and controls the organs of balance. Used successfully for nearly half a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability.

The Girl With the Gingham Heart

Continued from page 7

Just before sleeping pills got a good grip on her she ordered me to tell you as soon as she recovers from the shock she was going to have you disbarred.

Regretfully,
Jeffrey Lake (secretary).
Encl. Ltr dte 24 Nov. fr. Richard.

24 Nov., 1949.

Mrs. Ellen Farnsworth
Springdale Garden Acres
Erinmore, Ont.
Dearest Mom,

My hide is still smoking from the scorching John gave me. I feel as if I've been run through a meat chopper. I sure wouldn't want to be a witness he cross-examines in court.

You know, Mother, nobody ever talked to me that way before. I always used to think the stunts I pulled were kind of funny (you did too, remember?). Even when John was calling me down, I didn't take him too seriously, but when he said I would starve to death if I had to take care of myself in the world, with no help from you, I started getting sore.

Mother, that's a challenge that intrigues me. I've decided to accept it and show that guy he's wrong.

I'm here in New York. I haven't any money (just \$17.24), and I don't want you to send any. If you do, I'll send it to John to contribute to some charity. I'm in good health, I'm young, I'll make my way. I'll find a job.

I'll show that guy. He'll eat his words.

Now don't worry, mother, and please don't be difficult. You can reach me c/o General Delivery, NYC.

Love
Richard.

CPR TELEGRAPH
119 RD 6 25 NOV, 1949
TO RICHARD FARNSWORTH C/O GENERAL DELIVERY POST OFFICE NYC
DARLING BOY, HOW ABSURD ALL THIS IS. JOHN DIDN'T MEAN A WORD OF IT. HE SENDS HIS APOLOGIES. COME HOME AT ONCE. I AM VERY ILL AND UNDER DOCTOR'S CARE. NEED YOU HEAR ME.

MOTHER

CPR TELEGRAPH
211 RD 6 25 NOV, 1949
TO RICHARD FARNSWORTH C/O GENERAL DELIVERY POST OFFICE NYC
STILL THINK YOU'RE A WEAK-KNEED MOMMA'S BOY AND A PRIZE PHONY SPOILED BRAT. YOU'LL COME CRYING HOME IN TWO WEEKS. MAKE THAT ONE WEEK.

JOHN BANBERRY.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH
177 NY 12 27 NOV, 1949
TO ELLEN FARNSWORTH ERINMORE, ONT.
MOTHER DARLING YOU'RE AS HEALTHY AS A HORSE. I CHECKED ON LONG DISTANCE CALL TO DOCTOR BARLOWE. UNFAIR OF YOU TO FORCE ME TO USE MY RAPIDLY DWINDLING FUNDS ON YOU THIS WAY. LOVE.

RICHARD.

25 Nov. 1949.

J. L. Harkness
Harkness Detective Agency
NYC

Dear Mr. Harkness:

I am selecting you for this important, confidential job because I know you've done satisfactory work for my ex-attorney, John Banberry. My son, Richard has gone on one of his foolishly boyish escapades and is somewhere in New York City. I am supposed to contact him by writing c/o General Delivery, Main Post Office. He has no funds and is in dire need.

You are to find him, watch him and write me a daily report on his doings. I will fly down and bring him home as

soon as you've located where he is staying.

Under no circumstances are you to let John Banberry know of this assignment. He has been discharged by me and we are no longer associated.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ellen Farnsworth.

HARKNESS DETECTIVE AGENCY
NYC

26 Nov., 1949.

John Banberry, Barrister
320 Bay Street
Toronto.

Dear Johnny, old pal,

Look over the letter I received from Mrs. Farnsworth and let me know what gives? What do you want me to do?

Sincerely,
Jimmy Harkness.

CPR TELEGRAPH
999 PD 74 26 NOV, 1949
TO JIMMY HARKNESS DETECTIVE AGENCY NYC
TAKE FARNSWORTH CASE. SEND ME COPY OF REPORTS TO CLIENT. KEEP ME INFORMED OF MESSAGES FROM ELLEN FARNSWORTH. DON'T HELP KID NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS. AVOID TELLING EXACT LOCATION OF RICHARD.
JOHN BANBERRY.

HARKNESS DETECTIVE AGENCY
NYC

27 Nov. 1949.

Mrs. Ellen Farnsworth
Springdale Garden Acres
Erinmore, Ont.

Dear Mrs. Farnsworth:

This will acknowledge receipt of your telegram requesting us to report on your son Richard Farnsworth. Our fees are thirty dollars per day for each man put on the case plus expenses. First report, covering one day's activity, is enclosed.

Sincerely,
J. L. Harkness.

Encl. Report No. 1. Farnsworth Code Z-2 Assigned to Blake

To: J. L. Harkness
Report No. — One

27 Nov., 1949.

Case—Farnsworth, Richard (Code Z-2)

Contact made at 3 p.m. 26 Nov. 1949 with subject by waiting at General Delivery Office. Subject unmistakable. Boy about twenty-two, six feet tall, big shoulders, head of curly golden hair. Nice, but worried grin.

Stood behind him at window, heard name. Subject opened telegram, looked worried, rushed to phone booth, made long-distance call to doctor. Came out looking angry and relieved. Swore out loud a couple of times.

Subject went out, followed him to diner. Subject shivering in raw, grey New York weather. Wearing thin raincoat over good tweed suit. Subject carefully examined menu, ordered bowl of soup, cup of coffee. He looked wistfully over shoulder of truck driver seated next to him. Truck driver was eating huge, steaming dish of beef stew.

I ordered coffee. Waitress brought order. Waitress took look at subject. Her eyes got a sort of glitter. She brought subject very full bowl of soup, six slices of bread, five pats of butter, then hung around smiling hopefully.

Subject didn't notice. He ate hungrily, sighed, left tip larger than check, walked out. Waitress looked like she wanted to walk after him.

Outside, subject bought newspaper, read want ads, then took bus uptown. Had to grab taxi to follow bus. Subject got off and went into building. Followed him into elevator and up to an employment agency on fifteenth floor. Huge mob of well-dressed, anxious young fellows staring coldly at each other, waiting to be interviewed.

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New!
Fabulous!

Pure Silk

make-up foundations



Silk-Tone foundation

... A silk-in-liquid foundation to give your skin the look of silk... the feel of silk... the long-lasting beauty of silk. Instantly seems to become part of your skin. Glorious on all skins... specially pampering for dry skins. 1.75.

Silk-Film foundation

... A silk-on-cream foundation — with no coarseness or graininess to cake. Smooths on more quickly, easily, evenly. You'll marvel at its silken texture, its lighter feeling... the way it keeps powder clinging hours longer. 1.50.

Silk-Tone and Silk-Film in six high-fashion shades; Rachel, Peach-bloom, Mauresque, Crackerjack, Rose Beige, Suntan... to capture all the shimmering beauty of silk! No Sponge Needed! Non-Drying! No Water to Apply!



helena rubinstein
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Upper Canada College

TORONTO, CANADA



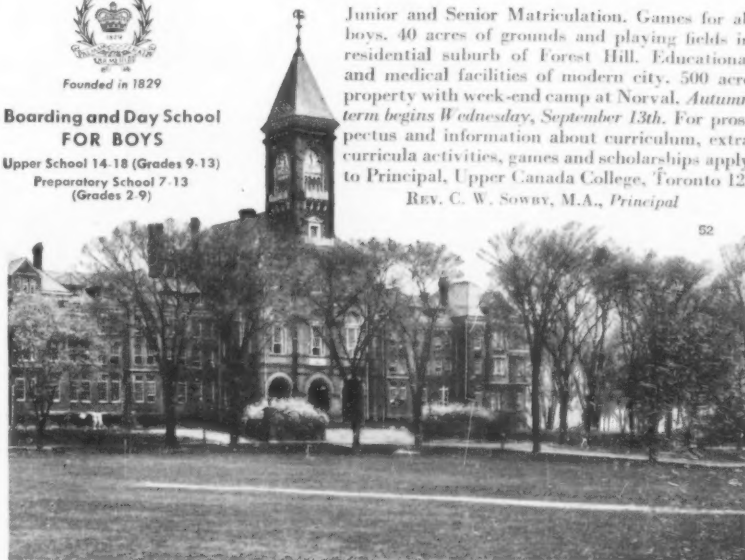
Founded in 1829

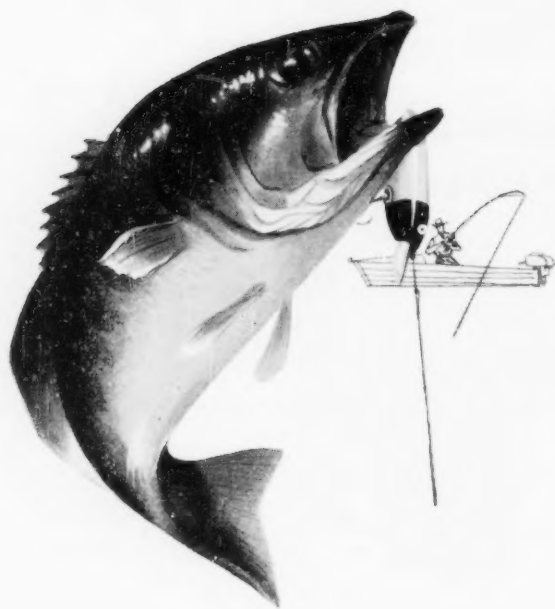
Boarding and Day School
FOR BOYS

Upper School 14-18 (Grades 9-13)
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Junior and Senior Matriculation. Games for all boys. 40 acres of grounds and playing fields in residential suburb of Forest Hill. Educational and medical facilities of modern city. 500 acre property with week-end camp at Norval. Autumn term begins Wednesday, September 13th. For prospectus and information about curriculum, extra curricula activities, games and scholarships apply to Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto 12.

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fill with Mobiloil for fun-filled holidays

WEEK-END JAUNT or long vacation, get started with a "Mobiloil-clean" motor and be sure of happy miles! Improved Mobiloil cleans as it protects . . . helps keep pistons, rings and valves free of harmful deposits . . . helps your engine give its full power and more miles to the gallon of gas! And you can count on Improved Mobiloil to "stand up" . . . it coats vital engine parts with an extra-tough, extra-oily film of protection that guards against hot-weather breakdowns . . . means trouble-free trips all the way.



A SOCONY-VACUUM PRODUCT
Made by the makers
of Gargoyle Industrial and
Marine Lubricants



MOBILLOIL OUTBOARD . . . for trouble-free
outboard motor pleasure!

Sold by **IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED**
and leading dealers everywhere

Listened to them talk. Job is junior executive, salary five thousand a year.

Long wait. Subject interviewed. Came out looking unhappy and thoughtful.

Followed to another employment agency. Job unknown. Subject didn't get it. Four more agencies in next two hours. No job for subject. Subject looking very grim. Followed subject to Pennsylvania Railroad Station. Subject grabbed sandwich at counter. Counter girl's eyes started shining. She put eight slices ham in sandwich. No go, though. Subject left big tip, that's all.

Employment agencies closed. Subject leaned against wall of subway station and watched with peculiar expression on his face as streams of rush-hour New Yorkers jammed past him, trying to get home. Subject's face wore incredulous look at sight of rush into subway car. Subject leaped forward and saved old lady from being mangled in rush. Old lady pulled away, lowered head and butted way into car.

For some reason this gave subject pleasure. Subject straightened up confidently and went from subway to huge department store on Thirty-Fourth Street. Subject wandered around staring, then took elevator to top floor. Managed to get in with him. Subject looked at me as if he'd seen me before and couldn't remember face.

Employment offices of store on top floor. Near closing time but subject smiled at girl in charge. Girl got flustered, stammered, blushed, agreed to start him through interview.

Interviewer no girl. A Mr. Cadwallar, thin gloomy, sharp eyes. Looked subject over. Not impressed. Subject disappeared into depths of testing offices.

Girl asked me if I wanted job. Said no, was looking for complaint department. Girl said it was on fourth floor. Waited for subject to emerge, out in hall.

Subject came out in half hour, looking cheerful. Girl came out too. Girl seemed concerned. Subject said he didn't mind running an elevator a bit. Girl frowned, a little scornfully. Said a man should settle for elevator operating only when he couldn't get higher paying job. Asked him if he had any skills at all. Subject answered he had tried to get education number of times, but never managed to complete college. Something always went wrong.

Girl looked sympathetic, put her hand on his arm and said she understood. She'd worked her way through one year of college herself and soon would have enough to take one more term, starting in January.

Subject gave girl a long look. Me too. Something to look at. Girl blushed. They made date for lunch next day. Girl went back to office, still blushing. Subject stared after her with dazed look in his eyes, then left building.

Followed subject to various hotels where he couldn't get a room.

Followed him down to Bowery where he rented bed for the night in flophouse. Price, thirty-five cents. Subject stared at human derelicts, shame in his face. Saw him give a dollar to old man without teeth.

Since I will be able to contact subject at department store in the morning I broke off assignment at this point.

Signed
Operative Paul Blake.

* * *

To: J. L. Harkness
Report No. 2

Case—Farnsworth, Richard (Code Z-2)
28 Nov., 1949.

Found subject running elevator number 10 at department store. Very

handsome in a uniform. Looks like general without army. Elevator doing wonderful business in spite of jerky stops and starts. Checked every half hour and found same two girls riding up and down with him, trying to flirt with subject. One redhead, one brunette. Subject tending strictly to business. Not easy under circumstances.

Came back near lunch time. Brunette gone, redhead still hanging on. Subject looked tired, kept rubbing arm that opens and closes elevator door. He suddenly started smiling. Saw girl from upstairs coming to keep lunch date.

Relief operator took over. Girl glared at redhead, redhead glared back. Girl took subject's arm and marched him out the door, treating him coldly, as if he'd done something wrong.

She forgave him over the dessert. Had great trouble getting table nearby. Her name, girl said, was Joan Markham. Conversation between two peculiarly uneven. Long looks, silly talk. She likes colors. Yellow. Like his hair. He likes brown, like her eyes. Noticed they were holding hands under table.

They went back to work. I knocked off the job for couple of hours, took in a movie, then picked up trail of subject when he quit work at six o'clock.

He waited for Joan Markham. They went to supper together at a cafeteria. She noticed his thin raincoat, asked why he didn't wear an overcoat. He said he didn't have one. She looked shocked. Offered to lend him the money. He said no, he'd stand on his own two feet. She looked proudly at him and squeezed his arm. Said he was absolutely right. It was a tough world and that was what attracted her to him in the first place, his courage in the face of adversity. Subject laughed weakly and mumbled something about wouldn't it be funny if actually he was very rich and didn't have to work at all. Girl laughed merrily, said money was a wonderful thing if you earned it; said if there was one thing she couldn't stand it was those rich kids that never had to lift a finger to make their way. People like that, said the girl very scornfully, had no idea of what life was. Such people, said the girl, were useless to the world.

Subject seemed extremely disturbed. Said jokingly that maybe if girl had a chance to meet such fellows she'd feel differently. Girl dropped her fork and said angrily she had such a boy friend and she wanted subject to know she could have lived in luxury if she'd wanted, only the fellow was just an empty-headed playboy and she felt she'd be bored with him.

Subject said gloomily it was a good thing, then, that he was just an elevator operator. Girl said that was nonsense, she loved the good things of life as well as anybody, that an elevator operator's salary would hardly buy them; not, she added hastily, her face getting red, that she meant . . . that . . .

At this point subject rapidly went around table and kissed girl with great enthusiasm. He returned to his chicken salad.

They went to a movie and sat in the last row of the balcony. I tailed them afterward to a coffee and doughnut shop and then to her apartment house. Subject kissed girl good night and immediately left for the Bowery.

Signed,
Operative Paul Blake.

CPR TELEGRAPH

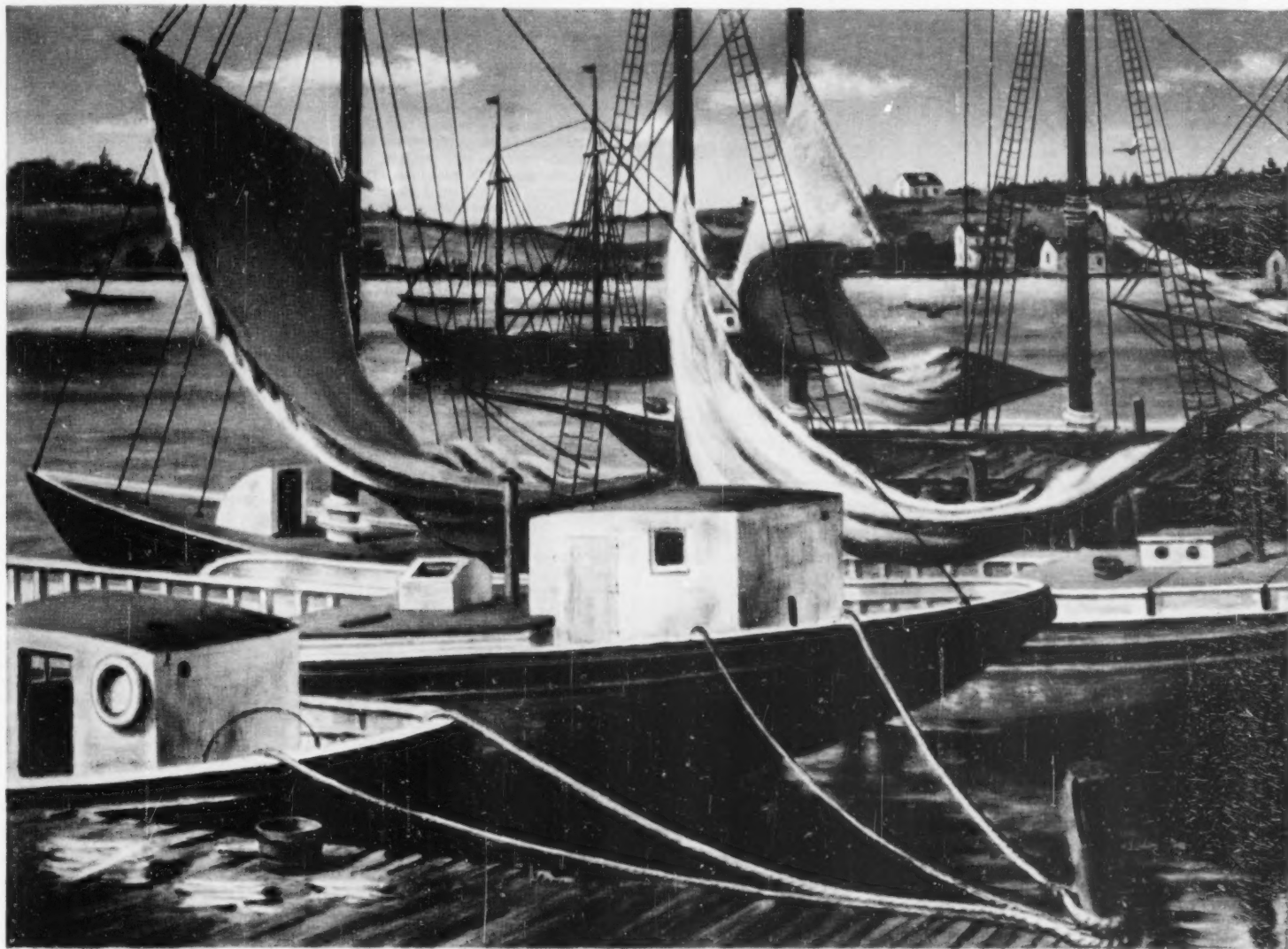
212 RD 6 29 NOV. 1949.

TO HARKNESS DETECTIVE AGENCY, NYC
ARRIVING BY PLANE TOMORROW. MEET ME AT
AIRPORT, FLIGHT NO. 206, DUE IN 2 P.M. WILL
BE TAKING RICHARD HOME WITH ME.

MRS. ELLEN FARNSWORTH.

Continued on page 48

CANADA PRODUCES SOME OF THE WORLD'S FINEST CODFISH



The meaty, tasty codfish you enjoy so much most likely came to your table from Canada. For Canada's rugged fishing fleets supply numerous varieties of appetizing deep sea fish to the peoples of many lands.

Why Seagram's sells Canada first

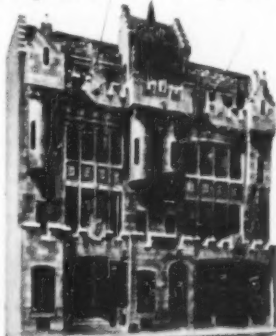
This advertisement is an adaptation of one of a series created by The House of Seagram to tell the peoples of other lands about Canada and her various products. For the past two years this campaign has been appearing in newspapers and magazines printed in many languages and circulated throughout the world.

Our prosperity is based on our ability to sell our products to other countries. Every Canadian has a personal stake in foreign trade, for one out of every three dollars of Canada's national income results from our trade abroad. The more that the peoples of other

countries know of the quality, variety and prestige of our products, the more likely they are to buy from us.

❖ ❖ ❖

We feel that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—this view embraces the entire Dominion. That is why The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being published throughout the world.



The House of Seagram

"LOOK! A big pressure cooker, too in the new Hotpoint!"

DELUXE MODEL HRD-46 \$369.00



1 A big 6-quart Pressure Cooker



2 A Deep-well Cooker



3 An extra surface unit

3 features in one surface unit AT NO EXTRA COST!

In the new deluxe Hotpoint you get a family-size pressure cooker, a deep-well cooker and a fourth surface cooking unit any time you need it. Hotpoint gives you all three yet costs no more than last year's model without the "triple-service" Thrift Cooker feature. And Hotpoint gives you an exciting Automatic Oven that cooks an entire meal while you're away... faster heating Calrod elements... clean styling and matchless convenience. Be sure to see Hotpoint!

The Hotpoint for smaller homes!

Uses only 2½ sq. feet of floor space. Three hi-speed Calrod surface units. Efficiently insulated oven. Recessed base. An outstanding value at only **\$145.00**



Hotpoint Appliances

Hotpoint Refrigerators, Ranges, Washers, Toasters, Irons, Electric Kettles, Vacuum Cleaners, Heating Pads, Hotwater Heaters

Hotpoint

Distributed by
RCA VICTOR
COMPANY LIMITED

Continued from page 46

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH
113 KL 29 NOV. 1949
TO JOHN BANBERRY, 320 BAY STREET, TORONTO.
MRS. FARNSWORTH COMING TOMORROW BY PLANE. WHAT WILL I DO?
JIM HARKNESS.

CPR TELEGRAPH
866 RD 6 29 NOV. 1949
TO JIM HARKNESS DETECTIVE AGENCY
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HER. THE BOY IS 'HOW-ING GOOD STUFF. IF SHE INTERFERES NOW HE'S COOKED. TRY NOT MEETING HER AT THE PLANE. IF SHE SHOWS UP AT AGENCY TELL HER RICHARD LEFT TOWN OR SOMETHING. AT ALL COSTS KEEP HER FROM FINDING RICHARD.
JOHN BANBERRY.

HARKNESS DETECTIVE AGENCY
NYC

30 Nov., 1949.
John Banberry, Barrister
320 Bay Street
Toronto.

Dear Johnny,

I feel awful. Everything went as wrong as you could imagine. You remember from the duplicate reports that we were careful not to mention the specific department store Richard was working at? Unfortunately we did say it was around Thirty-Fourth Street and Mrs. Farnsworth, instead of coming to the agency to ask why we didn't meet the plane, went directly to Thirty-Fourth Street and barged through all the stores, looking over the elevator operators.

My operative, Blake, saw the whole thing. I almost wept when I read his report. It's enclosed. Sorry, old boy.

Sincerely,

Jimmy Harkness.

Encl. Report No. 3, Farnsworth

30 Nov., 1949.

To: J. L. Harkness

Report No. 3

Case—Farnsworth, Richard (Code Z-2)

Contacted subject at lunch time, tailing him and girl friend through lunch hour. Subject seemed extremely gay and full of witty remarks that had girl laughing hilariously. They kissed passionately outside department store and separated.

At six o'clock, just as doors were about to close, girl appeared at elevators and started telling subject she'd have to work half an hour overtime. At this point there was a cry that could have come from a scalded wounded tigress. Everybody turned around. A buxomy matron was advancing toward subject who promptly turned pale and tried to hide in the elevator. This lady was of formidable appearance and behind her came a burly man clad in a chauffeur's uniform. This chauffeur carried on his arm a heavy overcoat, which the lady, after firmly kissing subject and scolding him roundly for running away like a foolish boy, gave to him with severe admonishing about catching cold.

The girl listened to all this wide-eyed. She also got a good look at the diamond rings on the woman's fingers, the bracelet on her arm, and the mink coat on her back.

She gave the subject a cold, bitter look and disappeared into the crowd.

The last I saw of the subject, he had just pulled away from his mother, yelled at her to go back home where she belonged, and started after the girl. Lady threw a faint. Subject let her collapse.

I went up to the employment office and found the girl had got her coat and quit her job. Subject was trying to find girl, but employment manager was hanging on to him, insisting he finish day or return uniform immediately. Subject chose to return uniform. I followed subject to girl's apartment house, but she was not there. Subject appears to be half crazy with anguish. A pathetic sight.

Subject went back to store which was now closed and waited outside employment entrance until eight o'clock at which time employment manager appeared. Employment manager treated subject with great caution, stating subject's mother had spoken to him, attempting to discover subject's whereabouts. Employment manager seemed very worried about subject's mother. Subject made deal with employment manager, offering protection in return for information as to possible whereabouts of Joan Markham. Employment manager stated girl was taking course in University of Miami, Florida, in Marine Biology, and was due for next term in January. That was all he knew.

Followed subject back to flophouse in Bowery. Interested to see what will happen, as subject can't have more than five dollars left. Awaiting instructions.

signed
Operative Paul Blake.

CPR TELEGRAPH
88 KI 6 DEC. 2, 1949
TO JIMMY HARKNESS DETECTIVE AGENCY, NYC.
SEND OPERATIVE BLAKE TO UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI PICK UP TRAIL OF JOAN MARKHAM. REPORT TO ME ONLY, NOT ELLEN FARNSWORTH. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ASSIST RICHARD IN ANY WAY. HE NOW HAS AN INCENTIVE.
JOHN BANBERRY.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH
553 TD 9 DEC. 3, 1949
TO JOHN BANBERRY, 320 BAY STREET, TORONTO. GOT TO GET TO FLORIDA RIGHT AWAY. LEND ME FIFTY DOLLARS, NO MORE. JUST ENOUGH FOR COACH FARE. WILL PAY YOU BACK SOON.
RICHARD.

CPR TELEGRAPH
33 2P 9 DEC. 3, 1949
TO RICHARD FARNSWORTH, C/O GENERAL DELIVERY, POST OFFICE, NYC
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME? WHERE'S THAT IMAGINATION NOW. THAT WAS ABLE TO DEVISE SUCH CLEVER PRACTICAL JOKES? THE ANSWER TO YOUR REQUEST IS NO! STAND ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET!
JOHN BANBERRY.

HOTEL BOCA CEGA
Miami, Fla.

10 December 1949.

To: J. L. Harkness

Report No. 4

Case—Farnsworth, Richard (Code Z-2)

Last report. This is my resignation, too. Better start from the beginning I guess.

Per instructions took four-hour flight from New York to Miami. Nice and warm down here. Golden sun, clean crystal ocean, no smoke. Can't figure out why people live in the North.

Found room at only \$15 a day. Rented auto and drove to University of Miami.

Told Registrar I was relative of Joan Markham. She wasn't due for one day yet. Hung around, drawing stares from students. Changed into canary-yellow slacks and shirt with fish on it. Students no longer noticed me.

Joan Markham arrived. Tailed her. She became suspicious, asked me if I was following her. Not like New York here. Less crowded, can't get lost in crowd. Told her I was. Girl asked why. Told her I was interested Marine Biology. Girl demanded to know what specialty. Said I was studying "lemmings." Once read a magazine article on it. Girl laughed. Still suspicious but amused. Thought I was falling for her. Could, too. She went away. This time, being more careful, I followed from greater distance.

Tailed her for two more days. Then saw strange incident. A scarecrow tried to throw arms around her. A down-and-out unshaven, hollow-eyed character that could hardly walk. Rushed forward to aid girl. Saw with astonishment, scarecrow was Richard Farnsworth.

worth. Listened from behind palm tree.

Girl was horrified at subject's appearance. Me too. As girl listened icily, subject explained quavering voice. He had no money, so he answered newspaper ad. Papers full of them this season of year in New York. People drive down to Miami in two or three days, want help in driving. Free transportation in return for driving. Subject hadn't slept in 72 hours except for two-hour snatches.

Girl smiled scornfully. Noticed girl had lovely lips, even when sneering. Called subject a liar. Asked where his Momma was. Subject started getting mad. Gave girl good shaking, then nearly fell down from exhaustion. Clung to her, told girl he loved her, said he was not taking dime from mother, even though she was wealthy woman. Said it wasn't his fault he was born with million dollars. Give him a break.

Girl looked doubtful. Eyes on subject long and lingeringly. Girl agreed to wait and see. Said if subject could prove he was man of initiative and brains, all right. But no elevator jobs. And no help from mother.

Followed two of them. Girl staked subject to haircut, shave and meal. Then she told him he was on his own. Girl gave him address, shook hands firmly with him, wished him luck. Subject demanded to know where girl was going. Girl said home, and went without looking back. Subject stared after her forlornly.

Watched subject for two days. Subject slept under palm trees. Subject wandered around looking over town, evidently thinking. Interesting to watch results of thought. Subject got out on road to hitch lift, so hurriedly took rented car past and gave him lift.

Subject stared at me intently, asked if he didn't know me from somewhere. Asked him if he was ever in Trinidad. No. Mexico City? No. Rio de Janeiro? No. Told him he must be mistaken. Asked him where he was going? Subject said to look for supper. Was going to take him and grab check, but remembered instructions. No help for subject.

Subject let out a yell. Car was riding over long causeway connecting Miami to Miami Beach. People fishing off bridge. Asked him what was the matter. Subject said enthusiastically he knew where to get supper. Invited me to be guest. Refused. Dropped him off near group of men fishing.

Two days passed. No big ideas yet. Easier to stay near girl than subject. Then girl saw subject. He was plunking guitar on Miami Beach for money. Subject wore a cowboy hat, sang cowboy love songs, then passed hat. Money tinkled like rain during storm. Girl furious. Turned away ignoring pleas of subject.

Next day was surprised to see girl going on date with man. Not subject. Man had big, black car, slightly over-

bearing manner, looked at girl possessively. Followed car. Passed subject fishing for lunch on causeway, stopped, took him in for ride. Subject watched in dismay when car stopped where fishing boats go out from Biscayne Boulevard and girl got out, aided by possessive man.

Subject sat and suffered as girl and new boy friend went into rented boat for day of deep-sea fishing. Subject said bitterly that was his girl. Asked him what she was doing with other guy. Subject didn't answer. Got out of car, sat on dock and stared unhappily after fishing boat. Asked him if he was coming along with me. He said no, he'd wait there.

Left him there. Came back at five o'clock when boats start returning with catch. Subject still there, staring at tremendous swordfish and marlin being brought in. Terrific. Subject went over to man on dock, asked what happened to fish. Man said fish usually stuffed. Subject asked what happened to meat of fish. Man shrugged. Said was thrown away or used for fertilizer or sold cheap.

Subject came back and grabbed me by arm in grip that hurt. He was very excited. Said he had wonderful idea for business. Asked him what idea was. Subject explained feverishly he had gone to Agricultural College for a while. Had learned a lot about canning perishables. Knew how to set up a small canning outfit. Why not set up outfit right on docks? When sportsman catches big fish instead of just having stuffed skin or pictures to show his catch, why not process fish for him, put it in cans and put fancy labels on cans telling weight of fish caught, date, name of fisherman? Novel idea. Fisherman would have thousand pounds of canned fish he caught, all from one fish.

I kind of liked the idea. Tried it out. Went over to old man just coming off fishing boat and asked him if he would be a customer. Old man was very interested. Wanted to know when we'd open business. Subject was behind me and he shouted, "Two weeks."

I am now in business with subject. Bank is matching my savings with a loan of ten thousand, promise of more if we need it. Live-wire chamber of commerce out here. They're helping out swell.

So this is my last report. Oh, by the way. Girl and subject were married on fishing boat yesterday. Honeymoon will have to wait. Got to get business going first.

Signed,
Operative Blake.

CPR TELEGRAPH
116 Q1 9 13 DEC., 1949
TO PAUL BLAKE, HOTEL BOCA CEGA,
MIAMI, FLORIDA

RESERVE FISHING BOAT FOR ME FOR TWO WEEKS.
I'M GOING TO GIVE RICHARD AND JOAN SOME
BUSINESS. WE WON'T TELL MRS. FARNSWORTH
ANYTHING UNTIL BUSINESS IS A SUCCESS.
JOHN BANBERRY. ★

NEXT ISSUE

The Tragedy of the Bluenose

Down Lunenburg way the people still mourn the great ship that went down among the West Indies coral as bright as her own wonderful story. Bluenose is on our stamps and coins and in the hearts of those who love the sea. Charles Rawlings tells the whole Bluenose saga more dramatically than it has ever been told before. You'll want to read this article

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"Man's Last Enemy—Himself"

Continued from page 20

last week of irresponsibility in raising the question of Germany—by which I mean liberated Germany—taking part in Western defense. My feeling is, and I hope the Prime Minister will allow me to say so, that I am as good a judge of these matters as he is. Certainly I should not like to be responsible for not stating my true and faithful belief and counsel to the House, as I have done several times in the past when it was not particularly popular to do so."

It was Churchill the fighter, Churchill the champion of lost causes, Churchill the unhonored prophet, Churchill the victim and the darling of the gods who was speaking. He was coming at last to his argument.

"We are nearly all of us now agreed," he said, "in seeking the unity and restoration of Europe as a great hope for the future. The strong German race, which, during the last 40 years, we and our allies twice fought and defeated, has now the opportunity of rendering an immense service to mankind. Having submitted to internal tyranny and brought measureless suffering upon us all, and especially themselves, they now have a chance of redeeming the German name by helping to repair what has happened in the past and by playing their part—and it might be a great one—in lifting the civilization of Europe to a level where its old glories may revive and where the various forms of tolerant freedom and resulting happiness and culture may be restored."

It is impossible to judge a speech as you would a piece of writing. The spoken and the written word are of the same family, but they differ just as brothers do from one another. Churchill has no special knowledge of music or any love of it that I know but he has a supremely sensitive ear for the cadence of a phrase. The architecture of his sentences, no matter how long or short, touches perfection and he has an instinctive feeling for balancing the sound of vowels. Yet, as a man of integrity, he despises anything that is merely glittering or showy. The mere sound of words is not enough.

By academic values Winston Churchill is not a highly educated man. He went to Harrow without making any indent upon that ancient school and then failed in his exam for the Sandhurst Military Academy. He never went to a university and, outside of French, he knows no other language than his mother tongue. But it would be utterly wrong to describe him as a self-made man. The military genius of his famous ancestor the Duke of Marlborough lives again in him. The political flair, and sometimes the same lack of political judgment that characterized his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, appeared again in Winston.

Nor did he achieve his powers over the written and spoken word without choosing the masters from whom he was willing to learn. He is soaked in Shakespeare, but then Shakespeare was of the 16th century and so is Churchill. Not for the first time the course of history has been altered by a man born out of his century.

At Home With Honest Abe

To show his affinity with Shakespeare look at this sentence in the speech I have been describing when he had just pictured the mistakes and vacillations of our handling of conquered Germany and the friction which had resulted: "*How easy it is to mar large unities, how hard to make them.*"

Once, as a schoolboy, I was given an examination task of taking a descriptive passage in a Shakespeare play and, by reducing it to ordinary language, see how short I could make it without omitting any of the essential details. Try as I did I could only cover the details in plain language by being 50% longer than Shakespeare. What schoolboy, what professor, or what politician could express so much in an equal number of words than: "*How easy it is to mar large unities, how hard to make them?*"

But Churchill had other teachers than the author of "Hamlet." Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" became a textbook for him, for Gibbon had the gift of condensing an era to a phrase or expanding an incident to an epoch. Above all, Gibbon possessed clarity and, in estimating the qualities of the human mind, Churchill believes that the greatest of these is clarity.

A third tutor was the cantankerous Carlyle who made history his strumpet but attained truth despite it.

Finally, perhaps because he is half-American, Winston studied the speeches of Abraham Lincoln with loving care. The immortal "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" is completely Churchillian in concept and style.

But, in spite of Oscar Wilde's contention that style makes the man, it is not Churchill's manner of speaking and writing which has placed him among the immortals. They are but the footlights which illumine the personality and the genius of the man himself.

Here at 76 he combines the puckishness and audacity of youth with the wisdom of the sage. He could sit down with the Druid and tell him a lot, or he would combine with other subalterns in a messroom rag. In some things he is incorrigibly young, in others he is as old and wise as the oracle. We ordinary mortals who follow him as our leader know both moods and occasionally have to remind him that impetuosity is not in itself the hallmark of genius. At such moments he can become very annoyed, to put it mildly, but his heart cannot hold rancor.

This magnanimity was never better expressed than in a poignant interlude in his speech. Knowing that he had the whole House in his grip and without any reference to his notes he painted a picture of the tragic story of France and Germany in endless conflict. As the words took form his voice rang out with all the vibrancy he commanded when, as a young politician, he made himself heard above the derisive clamor of a hostile Parliament:

A Gentle Bow to Bevin

"Here is the forward path along which we must march if the thousand-year feud between Gaul and Teuton is to pass from its destructive life into the romance of history. Do not let all this be cast away for small thoughts and wasteful recriminations and memories which, if they are not to be buried, may ruin the lives of our children and our children's children. Let us make sure that we play our part in turning thought into action and action into fame . . ."

And just then there was a murmur

followed by a strained silence. Ernest Bevin had entered and was making his way wearily to his place on the front bench. His face was pallid and drawn, his Falstaffian frame no longer strained the capacity of the buttons on his jacket. A very sick man . . .

Churchill stood silent and watched his old colleague of the war sink wearily into his seat. Then with a voice of complete gentleness and speaking slowly he said:

"I am very glad to see the Rt. Hon. Gentleman in his place. I can assure him that he has a great fund of good will among all parties. We know the burden he has had to bear. Some of us had to bear that burden for five years; he has borne it at the same tenseness for 10. We speak of him with great feelings of personal regard . . ."

Bevin nodded his head in acknowledgment and slowly made a gesture of thanks with a trembling hand.

Then Churchill stepped back as if to say we had paused long enough to comfort the casualty and swept gloriously into his peroration. The members and the public might have been figures on a painted frieze for no one moved.

He had come to his closing passage and for several seconds he stood silent. Then, without any movement of his hands or his face, he spoke these words:

"Man at this moment of his history has emerged in greater supremacy over the forces of nature than has ever been dreamed of before. He has it in his power to solve quite easily the problems of material existence . . . There lies before him, if he wishes, a golden age of peace and progress. All in his hand. He has only to conquer his last and worst enemy—himself."

There was a strange silence as he sat down and then, as if wakening from a dream, the House gave throat. The cheers came from everywhere and from every party. The unfortunate Liberal who was to follow stood up and began his speech but not a word could be heard above the din.

Churchill sat staring into space, barely acknowledging the congratulations of Eden and the rest of his front-bench colleagues. But his appearance had altered. He looked tired and rather small and didn't seem to hear the cheers that were sweeping the chamber. ★

Why Don't Adults Grow Up?

Continued from page 17

help from him. Isn't there some way I can show him that I've got to live my own life? Right now I don't think he'd ever forgive me if I didn't follow in his footsteps and become a lawyer . . ."

There is a steady stream of letters like these arriving on my desk, letters which wouldn't have needed to be written if a lot of adolescent adults had grown up.

One of the most frequent problems is sex. Here's a typical letter written by a high-school junior that should give you some idea of the ignorance you're fostering.

" . . . My Mom and Dad are old-fashioned, I guess, but they still should understand that I've got to know something sooner or later. I don't dare ask them anything about sex. I did once and they were horrified. Why, Mom even bawled me out for reading an article by a well-known doctor about sex education. She said nice girls don't even think about such things . . ."

This is not an isolated example; it

seems to be the popular adult attitude.

Just the other day I had an after-classes discussion with a group of high-school students. The conversation swung around to sex education and I asked one of the fellows if his Dad had told him anything about sex.

"Are you kidding?" he grimaced. "I tried asking my old man about the birds and the bees just once. All I got out of him was that the birds were the ones with feathers!"

Where do these kids learn their "facts"?—in locker rooms, restaurants after school, on street corners. As far as many adults are concerned all the advice from doctors and psychologists on giving children proper sex education early seems to have gone in one ear and out the other.

What about the young people preparing to enter the world of business soon? Their success in finding the right job and making good at it depends a lot on you. They haven't any experience to fall back on. They need suggestions on opportunities, on behavior, and on the correct attitude to take toward a job. Right now they're being short-changed by a lot of older people who can't be bothered lending a helping hand. And to add insult to injury a lot

of these young people are being berated about their "lack of ambition," because they haven't been able to decide on a future vocation.

One fellow who was in the office a couple of weeks ago asked, "What do adults think we're doing anyway? Playing pin the tail on the donkey? I want to see where I'm going when I choose my career, and I'm darned if I'll get into a rut like my Dad's in. He's never enjoyed his job and yet he hasn't enough will power to get out of it and into something he does like. He made a bum choice to start with."

Oh—Those Good Old Days!

I asked if his mother couldn't offer some advice, but he snorted, "Huh! She can't tear herself away from soap operas long enough to give it any thought. But what gets me is that both of them are continually harping on the fact that I haven't made up my mind."

He isn't the only one whose future is undecided; there are thousands of teens just like him. At times you adults remark that they seem to have "a lot on the ball," but that still doesn't stop you from brushing them off. What

do these teens have to do to get your help? Or could your own juvenile attitude toward their problems be the trouble?

I've had at least a dozen students ask what they could do to eliminate continual lectures that usually begin: "Now when I was your age . . ." followed by a recital of the social behavior of the 1920s. Even the best behavior in the "good old days" wasn't necessarily something today's adults used to follow, either.

All too many teens have heard a proud father boast about what a "heller" he was in his college days. Yet these same fathers throw up their hands in disgust and lament, "What is this generation coming to?" when daughter gets caught up in a new romance, or son wants to borrow the car for dates a couple of nights a week.

This lack of understanding is partially responsible for a boomerang. Take a look at the headlines of your newspaper—"Two Youths Charged With Drunken Driving" appears on page one; flip the page and you find "Police Arrest 16-year-old for Theft." By the time you've read through from

Continued on page 52

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Continued from page 50

front to back you'll have seen many more sensationalized stories about juvenile delinquency. And they're written because you want to read them. It gives you something juicy to talk about when you run out of conversation. You are not concerned with the reasons why young people turn to crime. Instead, you adopt a pious, holier-than-thou attitude and condemn these young people for becoming troublesome.

A Nice Lady Suggested Jail

I overheard two women chattering on the streetcar about "all these young hoodlums" that are on the loose nowadays.

"Why, it isn't safe for respectable people to be on the streets after dark any more," one of them simpered. "You don't know what these young ruffians will do when they band together like that!"

"Oh, I know," gushed her companion. "Why, I was reading in the paper just the other day about three young fellows who'd been caught trying to break into a house on the block next to ours. I think they should jail all the hoodlums who are making trouble. That would teach them a lesson."

But crime doesn't just happen. There has to be a cause. You may be content to say that jail is the only cure, but can you expect the police to cure your broken homes and unhappy marriages which have provided the real seed and soil for the weeds of delinquency? This is where the problems of youth begin and will continue to grow until you adults stop shouting about your particular cure for the trouble and start looking closely at the cause.

This business of classing every boy who wears bright drapes as a hoodlum is so much nonsense. These lads wear them simply because they are a part of the current teen-age fashion, a necessary piece of attire if they want to be one of the crowd. In fact, a great number of the fads which develop among high-school students are perpetuated because everybody wants to fit in, and not be ignored by the social order present in most high schools. Haven't women been changing their skirt lengths for exactly the same reason?

One young fellow, who's just in his first year at high school, wrote me a heartbreaking letter not long ago. Here's part of it: "I've been turned into the 'goat' of our class now and I don't know what to do. It's all because of the clothes Mom and Dad get me to wear to school. They insist that I always put on a tie and wear a vest and suit coat, even though none of the other guys do. I asked them if I

couldn't get a pair of drapes to wear 'cause everybody else had them, but all I got was a bawling out for asking. They tell me I should be grateful for what they buy me, but it's awfully hard to thank them when all the fellows call me 'Hey, Rube.' I've hardly got any friends at school and I know it's just because of my clothes . . ."

Many other teens have voiced similar problems about the clothes they are forced to wear. There's a girl who has to wear oxfords even if she's going to a dance; another who isn't allowed to wear sweaters; a boy who must always wear dark brown or black ties. These teens shouldn't be unhappy misfits if their parents took their deep concern about making friends at school into account when buying them clothes. Certainly it would be foolish for parents to cater to every whim of their children. But do you need to fall over backward the other way with your standby remark, "I don't care what the other kids are wearing, you're going to wear this?"

Boys today are far more fashion-conscious than most people realize. Their efforts to appear more smartly dressed than the generation before them, though, are severely handicapped by adults who find this just too funny for words. Not long ago a group of boys began agitation for fashion shows previewing the latest young men's apparel. There are always plenty of girls' shows, so why not a few for boys?

Ridicule in an Editorial

When this male interest in the world of fashion became known an editorial writer in one of Canada's largest papers ridiculed this desire for information. He wrote: "It's a crying shame—we feel a little moist around the eyes as this is written—to learn that . . . male teen-agers have been eating their hearts out for fashion shows and no one has been paying them the slightest heed. Think, if you can bear it, of the poor youth who must struggle on from day to day never sure if he is a figure of high fashion or low comedy in his Kelly-green slacks and black satin jacket. In such a state of pitiful uncertainty he is liable to grow up (for the sake of argument, it is presumed he will grow up) with some horrible psychological quirk."

No doubt many readers got a good laugh. Yet these same readers found nothing laughable about the Canadian Men's Apparel Fair showing adult male fashions? No ridiculing "humorous" editorials appeared in newspapers following these men's shows—they were simply taken for granted. Faced with contradictions like this it is any wonder I ask, "Why don't you adults grow up?"

Young people even have a hard time falling in love these days without receiving ridicule from adults.

Too many parents, when they hear their offspring say they're in love, immediately remark, "Don't be silly! What do you know about love?" Well, for that matter, what do a lot of parents know about it? Most adults pass judgment on teen-age love affairs from the armchair of 20 years ago.

I received a pathetic letter in the mail today from a girl named Joan whose mother had put a milk bottle out on the veranda just as Joan was kissing her boy friend good night. After one horrified gasp mother sternly ordered Joan into the house and the boy was told to "never darken their doorstep again." This is the type of "understanding" that some young people are getting from their "wise" elders.

Bickering in the House

I've got another letter from a 19-year-old girl who wants to marry a lad she's been dating all through high school.

"We love each other very much," she wrote, "but Mom and Dad seem to think we can't. When I told them they said, 'Your father and I didn't get married until we were in our 30s until we were sure.' But if that's their idea of being 'sure' I don't want any."

"For as long as I can remember there've been continual fights and bickering at our house. Mom and Dad never seem happy together and don't enjoy each other's company at all. They almost never go out together, and when they're home they always find something to start a fight about."

"I want my married life to mean more than theirs. I don't think they love each other much, so how can they tell me what love is?"

The bickering and the unhappiness this girl cites are not unusual. Hers is not the only home constantly in conflict because two adults have failed to get along with each other. Yet these same adults consider themselves prepared to give advice to young people about what love is, and whom they should marry.

Teen-agers are faced with many problems before they step into the adult world and they need your help to solve them. But as long as you take nothing but your own faulty patterns of living into consideration how can you expect the growing generation to be satisfied?

Your adult advice is only valuable if you have "grown up" yourselves—and from where teens are sitting right now your prejudiced ideas and lack of understanding are doing more harm than good. ★

But the Red Men Didn't Vanish!

Continued from page 9

share is now \$30 a month. But as the Indian Act says, "person" means an individual other than an Indian."

Four thousand aged Indians get, in lieu of pension, a monthly ration of groceries—that even in the far north wouldn't cost more than \$15 retail. Man and wife get, not twice as much, but 1½ times as much. Two years ago a cash allowance of \$8 a month was added.

Indian Affairs would like to pay Indians at least the federal share of the regular old-age pension. The parliamentary committee recommended it three years running and Parliament

approved all the committee's reports.

Still the Treasury Board, the finance committee of Cabinet, has refused the request—for three years past and again this year. Hon. Douglas Abbott, chairman of the Treasury Board, says he wants to be sure an aged Indian needs \$30 a month to live on.

But of all the Government's recent acts perhaps the most disturbing was a purge of Indian bands that began in 1942. This was the first major policy change the Indian could observe after he'd turned the corner away from extinction. It looked as if the white man, nature having failed him, was calling in law to rid him of his red ward.

In northern Alberta 663 people were put off reserves on which, in most cases, they'd spent their lives. Many spoke nothing but Cree; few could read or write. They were people of mixed

blood, but all regarded themselves as Indians and had been so accepted by Ottawa for anything up to 60 years—they didn't know how to be anything else. Starting in 1942, Ottawa examined their papers and said to each, "You're not an Indian, you'll have to get out."

Missionaries and others protested loudly; 516 of the expelled Indians appealed. Mr. Justice W. A. Macdonald, of Calgary, was named a royal commission to look into the matter. In a stinging report he rejected the interpretations of law on which the purge had been based, and recommended that all but 77 appellants be restored to Indian status.

The Macdonald Report was suppressed until the parliamentary committee pried it out three years later. Its recommendations were ignored. Only

129 were readmitted; the rest are still out.

At Driftpile, near Lesser Slave Lake, a young Indian was pointed out as the illegitimate son of a white trader. The aged chief dictated an affidavit to this effect to an interpreter, and he and two councilors signed it with their X marks.

Before Judge Macdonald the young man's Indian father testified under oath: "Robert was born before his mother and I were married, but I'm his father. I've always treated him as my son." The old chief said he'd "understood" Robert's real father was white; he didn't know.

Judge Macdonald said Robert should be taken back. Ottawa paid no attention; Robert is still out.

There were hundreds like that. By the letter of the act they were not Indian, but they'd been accepted as such for whole lifetimes.

Education From the Churches

True, there had been abuses. Often missionaries registered babies as Indian, knowing they weren't. The motive was usually humane—if there was no one to care for the child the easy course was to call him an Indian. He grew up on the reserve and in Indian schools, knowing the Indian life and no other.

Occasionally the motive was less creditable. Once a white Protestant family adopted a baby. By mistake the Alberta Government sent a Catholic orphan. The local R. C. missionary took the child from his foster parents and placed him with an Indian Catholic family. In due course his name turned up on the band roster.

That infant, now a man whose life and language are Indian, was expelled in the purge. He was wrongly admitted in the first place—but by whose fault? His own, at the age of three months?

The relations between the churches and State also complicate the problem of Indian schools. By law Indian education is a federal responsibility; in fact Ottawa used to leave the initiative to the Roman Catholic, Anglican and United Churches. The Government paid part of the costs (about half until 1948) but had no control over mission schools.

Even today, out of 21,000 Indian school children, 9,000 are in residential schools staffed and operated by the churches. The proportion used to be much higher.

I spent a day at the Catholic school in Kamloops, B.C., the biggest and perhaps the best in Canada. The staff is keen and able. The 350 children look happy and healthy, better fed and clad than they'd be at home. The better Protestant schools (I visited two) are almost equally good.

Unhappily the best is not the typical Indian school. Take the Mohawk Institute, at Brantford, Ont., an Anglican school once regarded as a show place of Indian education. In March a grand jury found conditions at the institute "deplorable." I was there a week later and I didn't think this language immoderate. A cow barn nearby was much warmer and better kept.

The Rev. E. J. Staley, principal of the United Church school at Edmonton, himself a minister, said, "We must get these schools out of the control of the churches. The present system is ruinous."

I asked why.

"They can't afford qualified teachers. When they get a minister who can't hold a church," he added with a grin, "they make him principal of an Indian school."

Figures bear him out. In 1947

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Roman Catholic residential schools had 139 teachers. Only 37 had normal school, 10 had Arts degrees and "several" were Bachelors of Education. The rest were teachers whose own education ended in high school.

The Anglican record is better—26 of 38 teachers have certificates and five are university trained. Complete figures aren't available for United Church schools but their standards have improved lately. However, the Protestant churches themselves say they can't carry the load. "It is the considered opinion of the United Church," said its brief to the parliamentary committee, "that the time has come seriously to consider the establishment of Indian education on a completely nonsectarian basis."

Since 1948 the Government has paid the children's board at residential schools, but the churches still pay teachers, staff and other charges. It cost the Anglican Church alone \$100,000 last year.

Suddenly Came More Money

But this picture is changing today. I visited several of the 150 government day schools built since 1946—they're bright, warm, well-equipped. Teachers are now civil servants with pension rights and first-class salaries; since 1947 the number of teachers with first-class certificates has been nearly doubled. From 1945 to 1949 the education budget more than doubled—up from \$2,270,000 to \$5,380,000, which is more than the whole Indian Affairs Branch had before the war.

The whole increase of Indian school population since 1938 has gone into State day schools. Even in the best residential school, all that the Indian child learns is alien to the life to which he returns at home, but the day schools are trying with some success to influence the community.

What came over the Government five years ago, after 75 years of complacent neglect? There are several answers.

Indian Affairs got a good director—R. A. Hoey, former Minister of Education in Manitoba. He has now retired but his successor, Major D. M. MacKay, is an equally able man who had a fine record as Inspector of Indian Affairs in B. C. They have put good men into key jobs, and relieved the frustration of those who were there already.

Indian health was shifted to Health and Welfare, which gave another cabinet minister a personal interest. Brooke Claxton, the first Health and Welfare Minister, and his successor, Paul Martin, were both appalled by what they found; both have worked hard for improvement.

Several ministers and M.P.s, including Prime Minister St. Laurent, attended United Nations meetings where the problem of backward nations came up. The Canadians remembered with a pang of guilt the "backward nation" within our own borders.

Finally the parliamentary committee was set up. The Government, perhaps apprehensive of the tale about to be unfolded, moved hastily to give it a happier ending. Money became suddenly plentiful.

In the North an intensive fur conservation program has begun—Ottawa's spending \$350,000 on it this year, four provinces an equal amount. Results are already sensational. Beaver output has been multiplied many times and is becoming a stable industry. It means a new lease of life for the "bush Indian."

The Indian health budget is now about \$11 millions a year. Infant mortality was 179 per 1,000 in 1936,

111 in 1948. TB death rate per 100,000 was 723 in 1938, 413 in 1949. Last year 75% of all Indians were X-rayed, even though half of them are seminomads in the bush.

The open sores are being bound up, the crying scandals removed. We are coming to the fundamental question: What, in the long run, do we do with the Indian? What do we want to make of him, and how?

For a few bands, a few individuals, the problem hardly exists. The Six Nations reserve near Brantford, whose people have been there for more than 150 years, is a prosperous rural community. Many have outside jobs. A California doctor motors home every year or two to his farm on the reserve. G. C. Monture, a senior Government official who was one of Canada's representatives in Washington during the war, is a member of the Six Nations.

On the Blood reserve in Southern Alberta a farmer recently died leaving \$180,000 to his heirs. Some Caughnawagas, bridge builders of international fame, earn as much as \$12,000 a year.

But for every one such Indian there are hundreds whose cash income is negligible. Northern trappers were said to earn about \$150 a year up to the end of the war; they now make about \$400.

I talked through an interpreter with an Indian trapper in northwestern Ontario.

That man lived in a settlement of about 200 people where 15 TB cases were found by an X-ray team last summer. Of eight babies born since last July five died. "They died of dirt," said the Hudson's Bay Company man, who is the nearest thing to a doctor within 100 miles. Not a cabin has a privy; drinking water comes from the lake. Midwives tie off the umbilical cords of infants with bits of yarn. Up to 18 months, babies are still carried on a board laced into a stockinglike nest of moss. Yet their homes are a sharp contrast to the ramshackle shanties in some forest villages.

They were a "good" band, the Hudson's Bay man explained, because they'd had so little contact with whites. Until 1932, even the nearest trading post was 50 miles away and seldom visited.

Now They Eat Store Food

At Kamloops, right on the edge of town, is an Indian village that's one of the worst, I was told, in all Canada. Eleven people live in one tarpaper shack. One pump serves the whole village. Few houses have privies. Indian Affairs won't spend a cent repairing these squalid huts—instead, anyone who wants a better home may have a brand-new one out on a farm nearby, with plenty of good land. But most of the Indian families prefer their hovels; they don't like farming.

Apparently the first effect of contact with the whites is always bad. The Indian doesn't know how to be thrifty with white men's money, or healthy with white men's food. It's not just whisky and TB—even the most innocuous things corrupt him.

On a Gulf of St. Lawrence island one Indian had a sensationally good season so he bought a car. The only road was a lumber track three quarters of a mile long and the proud motorist spent the summer driving up and down it. When winter came he left the car out, omitting to drain the water from the radiator. In the spring his car was worthless and he was back on relief.

Northern Indians have learned to eat "store food"—white flour, lard and tea. Family allowances, which in the bush are paid in goods, have mended this situation a good deal. Bush



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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Indians today (much to their own disgust at first) get citrus juices, tomatoes, powdered milk.

The Indian used to eat a fish whole, entrails and all. White men taught him that it's nasty to eat fish guts. Today the Indian cleans his fish and throws away a natural source of vitamins.

Handouts won't solve the Indian problem. Too many seem content with their treaty money, their relief groceries, their squalid but secure reserves. They don't seem to want anything except "more."

It all comes back to the problem of education. Indian schools from now on will offer the standard curriculum of the province, with three important variations. There will be special emphasis on hygiene, with simple illustrated textbooks. There will be courses in Indian history and culture, to restore a pride of race that's largely lost. There will be special vocational training, varied by region and circumstance. At the residential school in Sioux Lookout, Ont., for instance, the boys have their own trap line; they go out in groups with an instructor. Last winter it earned them \$700.

Can't Spend Their Own Cash

But with this progress some curious gaps remain—and some of them may even survive the rewriting of the Indian Act. If an Indian rents a bit of property on a reserve he has to do it through Ottawa. The lessor pays the rent to the Indian agent, the agent sends the cheque to Indian Affairs headquarters, Indian Affairs hands it to Treasury for deposit in the Consolidated Revenue Fund; then Indian Affairs issues a requisition for the same amount and, in due time, gets a cheque from Treasury; this cheque is sent to the Indian agent, who pays it to the Indian. Often it takes months.

Indians can't spend their own band funds without Ottawa's consent—a wise enough precaution since the capital is intended for posterity too. In the past, consent was often refused even to highly reasonable requests. One Indian agent, taking over his new job 15 years ago, found that Indian farmers were being refused loans on the ground that "previous loans are unpaid." On enquiry he learned that the "previous loans" had been issued to the fathers, in some cases even the grandfathers, of the farmers now black-listed. Meanwhile farms were left in weedy ruin for lack of money for seed and gear.

That sticky attitude has pretty well vanished now, but the Indian doesn't always realize it. Delays remain. This old, highly centralized system, with so much having to be cleared through Ottawa, puts an impossible burden on the still inadequate staff of the Indian Affairs Branch.

Inspector Andrew Hamilton, of Manitoba, told the parliamentary committee he had charge of 101 reserves and 25,000 Indians. In 1946 his office received 3,200 letters and sent 2,500, as well as 340 vouchers. For office staff he had, at that time, one stenographer.

Small wonder that delays persist to keep the Indian's suspicion alive. Small wonder, in the light of the long past, that the Indian distrusts the white man's professed good intentions.

One old Sarcee recently said to his chief: "There's something wrong. This last few years they're giving us things we used to have to beg for, time after time. You wait: they're planning some dirty trick."

This year, for the first time since 1876, Parliament has a chance to show this old man he's wrong. ★



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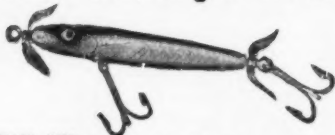
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MAILBAG

New Reader Remedies An Old Oversight

TODAY I bought my first copy of Maclean's Magazine. I was sure glad to read a distinctively Canadian magazine for a change. You may well say, "Our magazine has been on the newsstands for years and it is your own fault if you have not taken enough interest to buy a copy." This is the case. But now that I have found a home product that surpasses any foreign import I am taking immediate steps to remedy the situation . . . My only complaint is that Maclean's is semimonthly. You should convert it into a weekly.—H. C. Schleiper, Montreal West, Que.

Pinpricking

It seems a pity that we Canadians of English and French descent must continue to pinprick one another. Canada is a bilingual country despite Miss Hughes of Vancouver (Mailbag, April 15) and it is up to each one of us to try to do away with bitterness and misunderstanding.—Marjorie Newton, Port Hope, Ont.

One for the Boys

We have never seen or heard of Morton Hunt. In our opinion his article "Exercise Is the Bunk—Relax" (April 15) is merely a criticism of exercise by one who must lack the physical qualities which he envies in others. We don't know what Mr. Hunt looks like but judging from his article we can well imagine. In case we are wrong, please publish a picture of him in a bathing suit, preferably accompanied by a picture of any Mr. America which we will gladly submit.—Bob Hill and the boys who train at the YMCA, Hampstead, Que.



Mr. Hunt flexed his muscles and sent us this one. That's Mrs. Hunt with him: you can keep Mr. America, boys.—The Editors.

Pardon Our Blush

It does my heart good when I read the Mailbag and see where somebody throws a few bricks or a dead cat at Maclean's or when some fussy mortal rises up on his hind legs, covers his whiskers with froth and howls that he will never read your "rotten" magazine again, never. If Maclean's was so flat, drab and flabby that no one ever took a

poke at it, it wouldn't be worth reading. I usually read it from cover to cover, ads and all.—Allison Spence, Parrsboro, N.S.

Ringless Ratepayer

Rex Woods' cover (April 15, income taxpayers) was topical, attractive and very human. There is just one small (?) omission. The wife is also attractive. She is curvaceous in the right places



and her right hand holds an appropriate weapon—a pen. Not so the left, which is unadorned with a wedding ring.—F. G. Venables, Toronto.

She's pawned it to pay the tax collector. Cartoonist Feyer got it out of hock for her to prove that the wedding bells did ring.—The Editors.

Wigwag Debate

I cannot allow the letter from Mr. Marziali (Mailbag April 15) to go unanswered. I brought a set of British-type automobile direction indicators with me when I came to Canada in 1947, and fitted them to my Plymouth. I can honestly say that, even in below-zero weather, they have never failed to operate, although on occasions they have not dropped when switched off. However, a drop of oil in the right place cures this trouble very simply. I fully agree with your Feb. 15 editorial regarding these devices, except that they are easier to fit and less unsightly than you suggest.

My chief complaint against the American type is one of delay at a moment when fractions of seconds may count. When the indicating lamp first lights, it may easily be mistaken for a "stop" light. It is not until it has flashed once or even twice that it can definitely be identified as a direction indicator.—Robert H. Tanner, Belleville, Ont.

The Wandering Saskatchewan

In her good article ("Saskatchewan, Prairie Nile," April 15) Mrs. Campbell introduces a new problem—how the University buildings at Saskatoon have been spirited to the left bank. They were on the right bank when we of Swift Current saw them last. But we like her vivid style and the meaty history Mrs. Campbell gives.—G. C. Thomson, Swift Current.

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EXPORT
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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 3

exercised their conscientious objection against paying any taxes and otherwise behaved like a privileged group. Now the situation is badly out of hand.

If B. C. wants to abandon its own provincial police force and become the eighth province to employ the Mounties for this job Ottawa will take over law enforcement. Otherwise, no. Ottawa will lend all the help it can in the "mass psychiatry" program recently announced—sending in teams of experts to try to find out why the Sons of Freedom behave as they do and try to cure them. But the primary responsibility is still provincial and Ottawa wants no part of it.

* * *

Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey intends to make a book-length job of his report on Canadian culture, so it's not likely to be finished before late autumn. The recommendations, on the other hand, will probably be brief and to the point. They'll be drafted by the whole Massey Commission sometime this summer.

If the commissioners follow the suggestions of the 500-odd briefs presented to them some of their recommendations can be forecast now. On several points the briefs were almost unanimous:

1. Federal aid for universities. As reported in this space several months ago, Prime Minister St. Laurent is already sold on this idea and even the staunchest advocates of provincial rights seem to have no very violent objection. The universities' need is increasingly dire and it's a safe bet that something will be done about it soon.

2. A national library, presumably in Ottawa.

3. A new national art gallery to replace the rather moth-eaten one we have now which shares space with stuffed buffaloes and Indian arrowheads.

4. Some kind of aid for a Canadian theatre, though briefs differed widely on what "a Canadian theatre" means. Should it be a playhouse in Ottawa? A traveling repertory company? Scholarships for Canadian actors and dramatists?

Among the more controversial matters the CBC took up a lot of space in the news reports, but commissioners say there isn't as much argument here as you might think. Among the 170 briefs that touched on radio, only one or two supported the position of the private stations. The great majority seemed to prefer the CBC much as it is now, with various improvements in detail but no change in principle.

The commission itself appeared to side with the majority. After counsel for one group of private radio stations got through explaining how Canadian radio ought to be run (no more state interference, etc.) Commissioner Norman MacKenzie, president of the University of British Columbia, leaned forward.

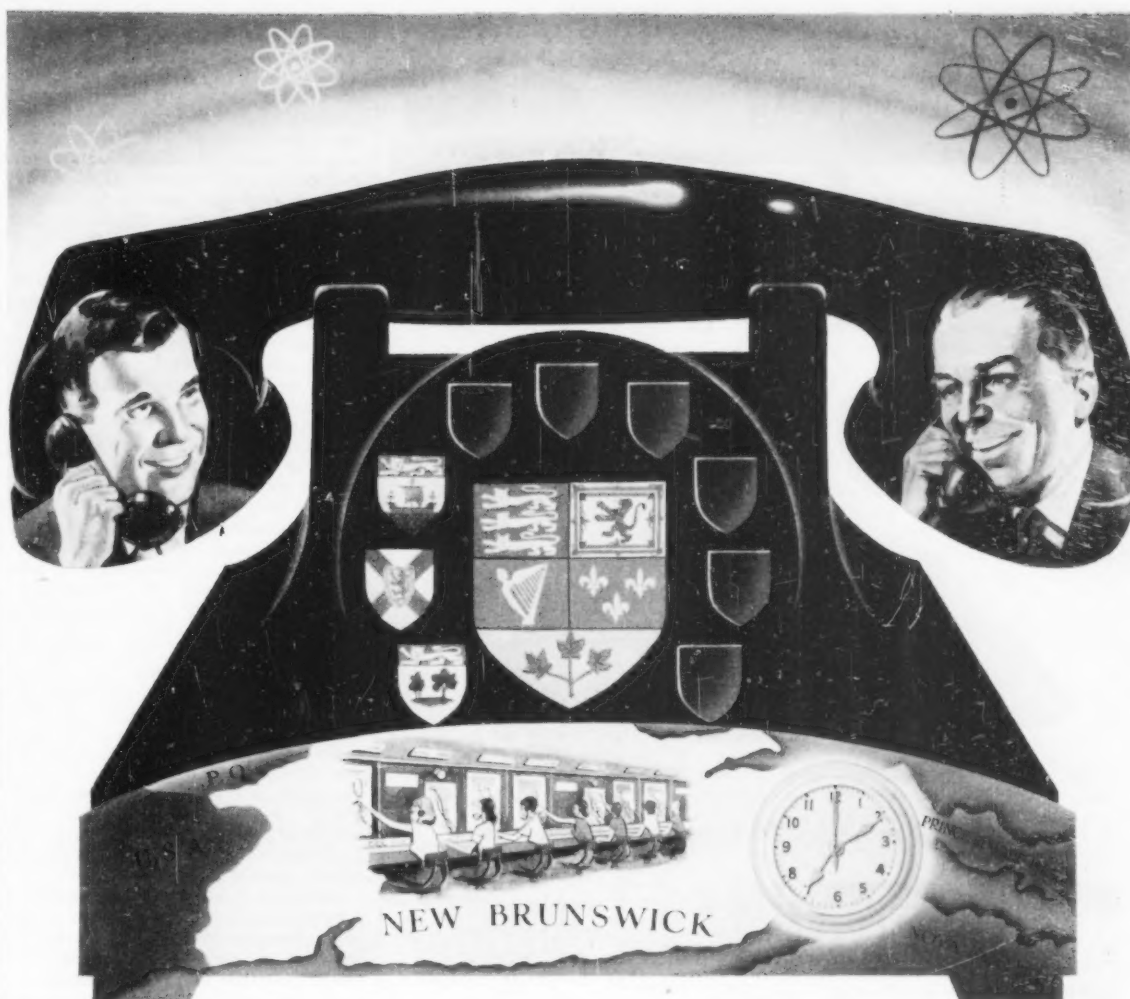
"Tell me," he said, "can you think of any country in the whole world where radio has such freedom from all regulation as you suggest for Canada?"

Counsel thought a minute. "No, I'm afraid I can't," he said.

On that note the session adjourned.

* * *

This summer is the halfway mark between Liberal conventions, if they stick to the quadrennial cycle they voted into the platform in 1948. Already, among Liberal backbenchers,



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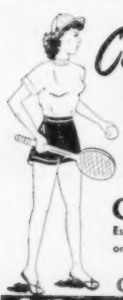
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a "Draft St. Laurent" movement is taking shape.

Prime Minister St. Laurent has never publicly set a limit on his tenure as Liberal leader but it's taken for granted his intention is to serve only one term in office. His 1949 election was the most successful in history, his record as Prime Minister unspotted by any serious failure, and he will be well over 70 when the next federal election rolls around. That makes four good reasons for retirement.

"I hope he has the wisdom and strength of mind to do it," a close friend said the other day. But the pressure to stay "for one more election" will be terrific. Liberals are happy and secure under St. Laurent and they tend to regard any successor with apprehension.

Assuming the P.M. does retire here's how the race for the succession looks to one railbird:

Mike Pearson has been well out in front, almost since he first entered politics. Pearson is a uniquely likeable man who probably has more friends and fewer enemies than anyone in public life, with the possible exception of the Prime Minister. The big question about his future, two years ago, was whether or not his million-dollar personality would get across to large blocs of voters, as well as it does to a small circle around a conference table. So far the answer seems to be yes. His main disadvantage is that he has spent his whole life in international affairs, knows nothing about the details of domestic politics, has never had to make the difficult choice of which group of voters to offend.

Doug Abbott has been the runner-up; some people say he's in the lead. Like Mike Pearson he is pretty close to bilingual, has a pleasing appearance and personality, and a good record in every job he's held. Both men are young as age is reckoned in politics—Pearson 53, Abbott 51. Abbott has certainly met the test of offending people; his "vinegar budget" of 1948, taxation by radio in 1947 and rent control relaxation in 1949 infuriated thousands of voters. The fact that he is still in the running shows he can buck a tough political situation and survive.

Neither Pearson nor Abbott gives any sign of wanting or working for the top job. Not so Paul Martin, who was a near-candidate in 1948 and a virtual certainty for the 1952 contest. Martin has more experience as a working politician than either of the leading contenders and is a better speaker in either language. Moreover, at 47 he is young enough to lose the next convention and still win the next-but-one—especially if St. Laurent's immediate successor loses the election.

Two other men to watch for the long pull are Walter Harris and Bob Winters, Ministers of Immigration and Resources respectively. Neither is likely to win in 1952 and they may not even run. But Harris is only 46 and Winters won't be 40 until August. If the next Liberal chieftain comes a cropper, either of them might give Paul Martin a close race for leader of the opposition. ★

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Not Tilden—Discussing his tennis technique a stout, amiable, bald man panted, "My brain immediately barks out a command to my body. 'Run forward, but fast!'" it says. "Start right now! Drop the ball gracefully over the net and then walk back slowly."

"And then what happens?" he was asked.

"And then," replied the stout man, "my body says, 'Who, me?'" — *Montreal Star*.

Will Be Paid—Diner: "Sorry sir, but I have no money to pay for the meal."

Proprietor: "Don't worry about that. We'll just write your name on the wall and you can pay next time you come in."

"I don't like the idea of that. Everybody will see it."

"Oh, no, they won't. Your coat will be hanging over it." — *Moncton Times*.

No Time Like the Present—"I knew I would have to die sooner or later," a suicide wrote in a note, "so I decided to go ahead and have it over with." This do-it-now policy, we think, can be carried too far. — *Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Log - rolling — Monologue: One woman talking. Catalogue: Two women talking. — *Niagara Falls Review*.

What About the Unconscious Trend?—How true what Nehru says that every great movement occurs first in the mind. It's the next step, getting up out of bed, that's the hard one. — *Calgary Herald*.

Inky Geniuses—An optimist is a man who does the crossword puzzle with a pen. — *Calgary Herald*.

Can't Promise—Britain's new jet caremits a steady whistle. Oh, well, as long as it doesn't actually swerve after blondes. — *Toronto Star*.

What's the Difference?—There was a lot of talk this year about simplifying income-tax return forms. One tormented taxpayer actually did something about it. He suggested a form to the Revenue Department on which these four lines appeared.

1. What was your income for the year?
2. What were your expenses?
3. How much have you left?
4. Send it in. — *Niagara Falls Review*.

JASPER

By Simpkins

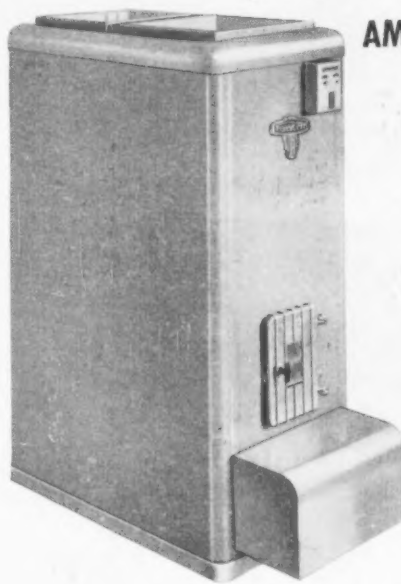


"Okay, give him a candy and let's get going."

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

AN EDMONTON woman who is constantly having to do battle with brawny truck drivers bent on parking their huge vehicles across her driveway was amused to overhear a visiting three-year-old niece taking up the cudgels on her behalf.

"Don't leave your truck in front of Aunty's place!" came the piping cries from out front. "Now go away—Aunty won't like it."

Then came a deep male voice, pleading: "Little girl, you'll have to get down out of there. Now come on! Little girl . . . please . . ."

Aunty dived for the window to find two policemen clutched between them a wrongdoer hauled out of a rooming house next door, staring up in bafflement at the toddler who had mounted to the door of their Black Maria and refused to let them enter. Only a horrified rap on the window from Aunty caused her to step down from the paddy wagon, clad in pale-pink party dress, golden curls and dignity; and then she mounted guard threateningly on the sidewalk until the cops had driven their big black truck away and cleared the drive.

• • •

A wary Ottawa father gave way slowly to his youngster's demands for hamsters—those pint-sized pets that have come to throng every household basement. Daddy gave in but bought only one hamster. The poor animal was obviously miserable in this solitude, so finally a mate was purchased—and very soon the local hamster population had increased



to 16. His worst fears confirmed, father sternly ordered that the 14 young ones must go—he didn't care how or where, but immediately.

Fearfully the young hamster tycoon departed with the litter, but reappeared in the family living room in fine spirits.

"Well, what did you do with them?" demanded his father.

"Traded them," beamed the youngster, "for a pair of rabbits."

• • •

We didn't get the story till the first chinook blew in from the Prairies, but it seems that one day at winter's end the motorman of a

Saskatoon trolley was rolling his car down the street at a fast clip when at Nineteenth and Third he noticed a man running like mad to catch him. It was one of those dawn patrols with nary a soul aboard and, somewhat resenting this intrusion on his privacy, the motorman gave in grudgingly to the passenger's frantic waving and gradually slowed to a stop. "Well, come on, come on," he



exclaimed irritably as he flung open the doors. "If you want aboard let's get going!"

The runner was fat and 40 and when he reached the step it was all he could do to cling to the doorpost. "Don't . . . want on," the stout one half-gasped, half-sobbed. "Just want to tell you your stove . . . your car's on fire—"

But by this time the motorman was gasping, too, in the clouds of smoke and flame that rolled forward from the rear and where a splendid blaze was crackling.

• • •

The modish Montreal matron had paid plenty for her exclusive spring millinery, yet, being a good-natured sort, she couldn't help but chuckle when she spotted another woman wearing the identical hat, just a couple of tables away in a fashionable restaurant.

Her mate happened to look her way just then so she grinned broadly, pointing at her own hat by way of explanation.

When this drew a blank, even somewhat affronted, look from the stranger, she went through an even more elaborate pantomime as she passed the other table on her way out of the restaurant. Nothing less than a look of alarm greeted this act so she hustled out the door abashed and furious about the whole thing until she pulled up in front of a mirror in the lobby and discovered her own version of the fancy little spring number wasn't on her head at all but home in her hatbox.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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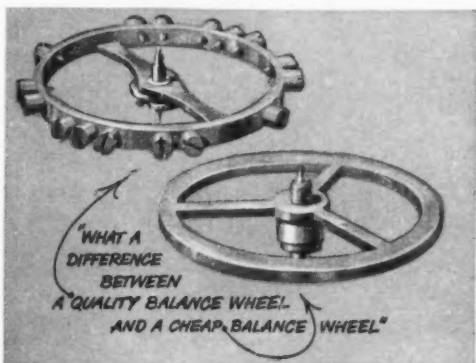
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2. As a "first" or "second" watch, see new water- and shock-resistant watches, self-winding and calendar watches, chronometers, chronographs and watches combining several of these Swiss features. Rely on a jeweller in whom you have confidence—he'll show you the best jewelled-lever Swiss watches in your price range.



3. To see the difference between a jewelled-lever and a cheap movement, look for the jewel-mounted balance wheel (above left). Tiny adjusting screws help give it true balance, constant accuracy. It's part of every Swiss jewelled-lever watch. Don't be fooled by so-called "bargains"—you usually get just about what you pay for.

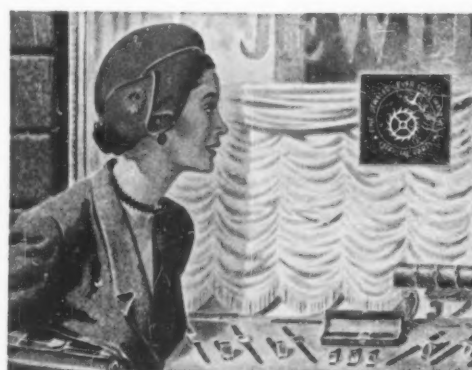
1. In all the world, there's one gift that thrills everybody—whether it's for Dad on Father's Day, a boy or girl at Graduation, or a new bride. That one gift's a fine watch, symbol of constancy and friendship, of punctual-

ity and pleasure. Your jeweller can show you many new styles for yourself or the owner-to-be. And remember—above all—it's the movement that counts—be sure the watch you buy has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement.

The gift most people want...



4. Swiss craftsmanship has been handed down from father to son for generations. The first self-winding watch was designed by a Swiss for Marie Antoinette, one of the world's smallest is owned today by a famous princess—and, since the earliest days of modern Olympic games, Swiss chronometers have timed events.



5. When you see this Swiss symbol at your jeweller's, it's a reminder that—thanks to the Official Swiss Watch Repair Parts Programme—your watch can be serviced economically and promptly if it has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement. These superb mechanisms make fine Swiss watches treasures of lasting pride.

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